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## MIND OR INSTINCT.

AN INQUIRY CONCERNING THE MANIFESTATION OF MIND BY THE LOWER ORDERS OF ANIMALS.

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‘In some are found  
Such teachable and apprehensive parts,  
That man’s attainments in his own concerns,  
Matched with the expertness of the brutes in their’s,  
Are oftentimes vanquished and thrown far behind.’

COWPER.

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OF THE REASON OR JUDGMENT OF THE PRINCIPLE CALLED INSTINCT.

A SURGEON of Leeds, (Eng.,) says BUFFON, found a little spaniel who had been lamed. He carried the poor animal home, bandaged up his leg, and, after two or three days, turned him out. The dog returned to the surgeon’s house every morning, till the leg was perfectly well. At the end of several months, the spaniel again presented himself, in company with another dog, who had also been lamed; and he intimated, as well as piteous and intelligent looks could intimate, that he desired the same kind assistance to be rendered to his friend as had been bestowed upon himself. A similar circumstance is stated to have occurred to MORANT, a celebrated French surgeon.

A fox, adds the same writer, having entered a hen-house through a small aperture, which was the only opening, succeeded without disturbing the family in destroying all the fowls, and in satiating his appetite with part of them; but his voracity so enlarged his dimensions as to prevent his egress. In the morning the farmer discovered the havoc of the night, and the perpetrator himself sprawled out on the floor of the coop, apparently dead from surfeit. He entered, and taking the creature by the heels, carried him out and cast him beside the house. This was no sooner done than the fox sprang up and bounded away with the speed of a racer. This was communicated by the person.

A spaniel, OBSERND informs us, having discovered a mouse in a shock of corn, jumped with his fore feet against it to frighten him out; and then running quickly to the back side, succeeded in taking the mouse as he attempted to escape.

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BUFFON says: 'A number of beavers are employed together at the foot of the tree in gnawing it down; and when this part of the labor is accomplished, it becomes the business of others to sever the branches, while a third party are engaged along the borders of the river in cutting other trees, which though smaller than the first tree, are yet as thick as the leg, if not the thigh, of a common-sized man. These they carry with them by land to the brink of the river, and then by water to the place allotted for their building; where sharpening them at one end, and forming them into stakes, they fix them in the ground, at a small distance from each other, and fill up the vacant spaces with pliant branches. While some are thus employed in fixing the stakes, others go in quest of clay, which they prepare for their purpose with their tails and their feet. At the top of their dyke, or mole, they form two or three openings. These they occasionally enlarge or contract, as the river rises or falls. NOTE.—Should the current be very gentle, the dam is carried nearly straight across; but when the stream is swiftly flowing, it is uniformly made with a considerable curve, having the convex part opposed to the current.

'Ac veluti ingentem formicæ farris acervum  
Cum populant, hyemis memores, tectoque reponunt:  
It nigrum campis agmen, prædamque per herbas  
Convectant calle angusto: pars grandia tridunt  
Obnixæ frumenta humeris: pars agmina cogunt,  
Castigant que moras: opere omnis semita fervet.'

JENESID, IV., 402.

'In formicâ non modo sensus sed etiam mens, ratio, memoria.'—CIC.

'Si quis comparat onera corporibus earum (formicarum) fateatur nullis portione. Vires esse majores. Gerunt ea morsu; majora aversæ postremo pedibus moliantur, humeris obnixæ. Est iis Reip ratio memoria cura. Semina arrosa condunt vie rursus in fruges exeunt è terra. Majora ad introitum (caverne) dividunt Madefacta imbre proferunt atque siccant.'—PLINY: lib. XI., cap. 30.

Many birds and other animals, BUFFON informs us, station a watch, while they are feeding in the fields. Whenever marmots venture abroad, one is placed as a sentinel, sitting on an elevated rock, while the others amuse themselves in the fields below, or are engaged in cutting grass and making it into hay for their future convenience; and no sooner does their trusty sentinel perceive a man, an eagle, a dog, or any other enemy approaching, than he gives notice to the rest by a kind of whistle, and is himself the last that takes refuge in the cell. It is asserted that when their hay is made, one of them lies upon its back, permits the hay to be heaped between its paws, keeping them upright to make greater room, and in this manner remaining still upon its back, is dragged by the tail, hay and all, to their common retreat.

These instances could be multiplied indefinitely; but more than sufficient have been cited. They prove in the first place, without need of argument, that animals have a language by which they apprehend each other. Concert of action and division of labor would be impossible without it. They also exhibit the exercise of memory and abstraction; and it now remains to ascertain whether their conduct was the result of reason.

If a person should take a friend whose arm had been fractured to a skilful surgeon who had before cured him of a similar wound,

we should infer the following course of reasoning: First, a comparison of facts, to discover whether the injury in question was like the one he had received; the ability of this surgeon over others in such cases; and the presumption that the same skill and remedies will again produce the same effects. These are the most obvious points. The dog, in the cited case, had once been healed of a broken limb by a surgeon; and having found a mate in a like situation, took him also to the same surgeon. It is evident that his conduct was as wise as the man's. The facts and actions in the two cases are parallel; and having seen that animals obtain a perception of objects by the same agencies that man does, it only remains to ascertain whether the intermediate reasoning process between perception and action were essentially the same. Now, we cannot prove directly that the mind of another passes through any process whatever; because the proof of any process of our own mind is consciousness, which cannot go beyond us; but we can infer the train of reasoning in a given case with great correctness, taking self-knowledge as a basis; and the similarity of conduct in another, in view of premises, with what our own would have been. This is the chief criterion by which much of our daily conduct is regulated, and is the most substantial proof that can be reached. Hence, we can infer with just as much certainty that the instinct of the dog passed through the process mentioned, as that the mind of the man did in the case supposed. We can also infer it with as much truth as that instinct is susceptible of the process of memory, since the proof in both cases is drawn from facts, and on the same principles.

Again: The beaver's dam is constructed at the very place a skillful engineer would have selected for a similar purpose. This choice of one place before another is necessarily founded on comparison, which is a deliberative reasoning process. It is therefore inconsistent with an impulse, which seems to be the action suggested, by instantaneous perception and reasoning; a single, inflexible propulsion in one direction; without a careful choice, and without deliberation: hence the term impulsive cannot be applied to a large proportion of the actions of animals; and having no reason for supposing the impulses of animals supernatural, or unlike human impulses, the term itself should be abandoned as vague and unmeaning. Gnawing the large tree upon the inner side, that it might fall directly across the stream, also rises above the utmost that we can understand by an inward persuasion; for it is the incipient step, and has full relation to the subsequent work of erecting a pier. We have seen that while part are cutting down the tree, another part go up the stream, cut smaller trees for stakes, and draw them to the water's edge; while still a third division go in quest of clay to prepare as a mortar. This completeness of plan, and combination of means to execute it, is wholly inconsistent with the common explanation of instinctive operations. Such exhibitions, as we have already remarked, are simply the workings of a certain principle they possess; performing for them the same office that mind does for man; and the true direction of inquiry is to the nature of its

qualities. The actions themselves exhibit comparison, a knowledge of the adaptation of means to an end, the combination of these means in regular detail to effect the end, and the still higher intelligence of future cause and effect, as evinced by the enlargement of the water passage with the rise of the stream. These actions, then, being ascertained to be uniformly the same in a great variety of cases, and manifesting the operation of an intelligent principle in every act; and being such as in man would have been in pursuance of the processes of reason mentioned; we are clearly directed to the inference (indeed no other rational one *can* be made) that they compared the advantages of different places, to enable them to select the best, having reference to the construction of a dam; that they reasoned out the plan of this dam and the adaptation of certain materials to its erection; that they reflected upon the need of its convexity, the better to resist the pressure of the stream, should it be rapid; that they considered the advantages of a division of labor to expedite the work; that they understood from experience, or arrived at the conclusion by reason, that it was safer to discharge the surplus water at one opening well guarded, than over the continuous edge of the dam; and finally they had in view the uses and purpose of this dam from the beginning; and the reasoning preparatory to each successive step was as exact and efficient, with reference to the end designed and the means to be employed, as *man's* could have been; and was conducted in much, if not exactly, the same manner; because we can conceive of but one way in which an intelligent principle thinks.

To learn, we must derive an impression of the object or event by the senses; and then interpret its meaning by a process of the understanding. The domestic animals may be taught a variety of performances, which if done by man we should not hesitate to pronounce the result of reasoning. Ravens have been taught to sing a regular piece, involving to a certain extent the same kind of apprehension, as in instructing a child in music.\* The parrot may be taught to speak. Falcons have been learned to hunt, under the influence of motives; a favorite dish being the reward of skilful services. The elephant, the camel, and the horse, in adapting themselves to the wants of man as beasts of burden, give constant proofs of intelligence and deliberation. Some of the most stupid animals apparently, have been taught a variety of feats under the stimulus of rewards, which raise our astonishment at their shrewdness and ingenuity. Imitation, if carefully considered, will be found impossible without the aid of a thinking principle. We know,

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\* SOME animals are self-taught. The mocking-bird whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with hanging wings and bristling feathers, clucking to protect her injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewling of the cat, the creaking of the passing wheel-barrow, follow with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully. He runs over the quiverings of the Canary and the clear whistlings of the Virginia nightingale, or red-bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become silent, while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions. — WILSON.

indeed, very little of any species but our own. Their language is as vague to us as the guttural tongue of the Indian; their movements are usually unmeaning, and all but their general necessities, unknown; we are profoundly ignorant of every thing but the most general manifestations of animal life; and at the same time it must be admitted that they exhibit more intelligence in adapting themselves to, and understanding us, than we do in suiting our conduct to their apprehension.

Many animals provide magazines, on which to subsist during the winter. This appears to be the result of a long process of reasoning; of which the impossibility of obtaining supplies during such period, the amount necessary, the manner of bestowing it, and the kind of provision which is not perishable, may be the most obvious. If all these points were not heeded, the consequence would be fatal. To satisfy present hunger, a simple impulse might be sufficient; but to anticipate distant wants, the exercise of an intelligent principle is requisite. The ant, the bee, the squirrel, the rat, and the beaver, are distinguished instances of this forethought.

If the argument of PALEY is sound, that contrivance forms design, and from design we infer intelligence, it applies with emphasis to all constructed animal habitations. The nests of birds, the cells of the bee, the spider's web, the mound of the ant, and the hills of the termites, may be cited. Contrivance and construction seem to be impossible without the constant exercise of a reflecting principle; while economy of labor and time indicates the correctness with which this principle directs the conduct.

Again: If the sentinel of a small party should discover an enemy approaching, he would know, should they reach the encampment, that his companions would be captured; but if he apprized them of the peril, they might escape. This is simply ascertaining the relation of cause and effect; on such conclusions he alarms his mates, and they retreat. We know that many animals not only act the same in view of similar premises, but deliberately prepare for the emergency, like a garrison, by placing sentinels on the watch: now, since their actions are uniformly the same in a great variety of cases, and exactly analogous to the actions of men under similar motives, the same inference results; that such actions in both cases were caused by a reflecting or reasoning principle; and that this principle must perform its functions in nearly if not exactly the same manner, in men and in different animals, to produce such similar conduct. As instances, parrots, jays, crows, ants, marmots, and the chamois, may be referred to.

The ancients attributed intelligence, in its purest sense, to many animals, especially to the elephant and the horse. In one of the passages quoted, PLINY, the naturalist, after describing the ingenious method of the ants, in 'shoving with their shoulders' the larger bits of grain, says: 'There is in them in very deed, reason, memory, and care;' the expression breaks out from him like an irresistible conviction. VIRGIL also observes that they are 'mindful of the approaching winter;' and he refers to their order, and division of

labor. If inquiry should be directed to that industry which accumulates not only beyond present, but even future necessities, it could be accounted for on no other supposition, than as a consequence of reasoning upon the necessity of preparing for the day of need.

Let us turn for a moment to the fables of Æsop. It is remarkable that these first attempts at moral philosophy should have come down to us with such freshness as to be almost without the marks of antiquity; and yet one of their most interesting features is the correctness, so far as we know, with which animals have been invested with their natural characteristics. We still ask

‘*Astuta ingenuum vulpes imitata leonem?*’

and are yet inclined to charge the raven with vanity for being cheated of her meat, as represented in the fable, by the flattery of the fox. We also admire the closing reproof: *Εχεις ποταζ απαντα, ρους δε γε λειπει.* The artifice of the creature, from his well-known habits, sits upon him with peculiar fitness; and there is nothing very incongruous in allowing him to speak it out. This incites an inquiry into the nature of cunning and artifice, by which animals evade their enemies or take their prey. The fox, for example, obtains a knowledge of external things by the same agencies that man does; and makes a ready and skilful use of such perceptions to obtain some end. When pursued, he frequently runs in the bed of some shallow creek, to conceal every trace of his scent and foot-steps; or runs back upon his own track for some distance, and then branches off, to puzzle his pursuers. He evidently knows the means by which he is followed, namely, his scent or foot-prints, and he devises a plan to render them both useless. Much might be said of the artifices of different animals, to decoy and ensnare their prey. Without the aid of reason it would be utterly impossible to form such plans; and beside, from these very stratagems we infer intelligence, and intelligence is of course an intellectual emanation.

Much also might be said of the elephant: indeed, his history alone would furnish sufficient facts to elucidate the whole subject; but the unexpected length of this article prevents the insertion of only a few notices. It is said that if he has been ensnared and escapes, he is afterward very cautious while in the woods, and breaking a large branch from a tree with his trunk, he sounds the ground before he treads upon it, to discover if there are any pits in his passage.\* He exhibits the same kind of deliberation while passing a bridge. The Indians make use of him to carry artillery over mountains. When the oxen, yoked two and two, endeavor to draw up the mountain the piece of artillery, the elephant pushes the breech of the gun with his forehead; and at every effort that he makes he supports the carriage with his knee, which he places near the wheel.† An analysis of these operations would result in the same inference, that such actions were in consequence of reason.

\* BUFF. II., 188.

† Ibid. II., 185.



An anecdote of a bird appeared a few months since, bearing the marks of authenticity. She had built her nest by a stone quarry, and during incubation was frequently alarmed by the blasting. She soon learned that the ringing of a bell preceded an explosion, and like the laborers, at this signal she retreated to a place of security. This feat having been discovered, some spectators succeeded in deceiving her a number of times by false alarms. The imposition however was soon detected; and she did not afterward fly at the sound of the bell, unless the workmen also retired. If this incident be true, (and there is nothing improbable in it,) reasoning, and that too of no obtuse character, is as legibly stamped upon this conduct, as if the brain had been uncovered, and we had seen, were it possible, with our own eyes its secret work.

Let us proceed with this inquiry to another point. It is a well-established principle of philosophy, that all pain and pleasure are in the mind, including of course the emotions and passions. We know that animals experience not only physical pleasures and pains, but passions both pleasant and painful; as attachment, courage, fidelity; anger, cowardice, and jealousy. Their manifestation of these pleasant and painful feelings is analogous to the manifestation of the same feelings by the human species; and it proves that they are endowed with a principle corresponding to mind, which we have seen is susceptible, like mind, of such feelings.

Some of the endowments of animals are delicate, even beyond our comprehension. The bee, for instance, is never caught in a shower; but by what agencies it arrives at the knowledge of an approaching storm, we are unable to determine; and therefore we call it pure instinct, leaving the subject as blind as we found it. The solution, however, of this question, will probably be found in the superior acuteness of its senses. We are generally sensible ourselves of a coming rain, by a change in the atmosphere; then, on the supposition that the bee has the sense of touch to a very delicate degree, the apparent enigma will be unravelled. We know also that our own senses convey to us imperfect knowledge, and that our minds serve to correct and supply their deficiencies: on the other hand, animals having reasoning powers of an inferior degree, a superior delicacy of the senses supplies to some extent the difference. They undoubtedly possess a knowledge of lesser things beyond the utmost reach of human intellect; while man possesses knowledge of a higher character, and as far above their comprehension; leaving degrees of intelligence above us, and below them, equally remote from each; for there are yet as many subjects of knowledge in the infinitely small as in the infinitely great. Nature retains her perfection, whether we descend to the atom or ascend to the universe; and the analogies of nature go to prove that the animalcule whose dimensions are below the power of the microscope, has as perfect an organization, and lives as completely, as man.

Animals seem to be as amply endowed with capacities by the Creator, for their sphere of existence, as man appears to be for his;

and the Deity as evidently designed their happiness, as man's. He has framed them after the same great outline, and with no greater difference in this respect than is consistent with difference of species. He has endued them with senses, and a principle to take knowledge of the impressions they were designed to convey; and He has placed the means of happiness within their reach, as well as given the power to reach them. This much is self-evident. As to the proof that the principle commonly known as instinct manifests memory and reason, the arguments employed may be obscure; but the facts themselves, on reflection, carry conviction to the mind. To account for these manifestations on any other hypothesis, would be impossible; and to draw any other inference from the facts would be equally impossible; and to pronounce all these phenomena the workings of instinct, a name without a tangible meaning; a designation that prohibits inquiry, because it pretends to furnish an explanation of itself; would be to rest for ever in profound ignorance of the whole subject, when truth might be reached by investigation.

All the intellectual manifestations of mind are treated under four general divisions. One of them is memory; and all we know of it is, simply that there is a principle within us that remembers. Animals likewise have a principle that remembers. If then this principle is a unit in man, and (by parity of reason) in animals, why does not the proof of this one quality carry the whole subject? Can it be asserted that any other principle remembers than the one that reasons? Can any distinction be taken between the dog's remembrance of his master on his return, and the remembrance of the wife? One is as absolute as the other. It is no matter how feeble the endowments of a man may be, he still possesses mind; its memory may be weak, and its reasoning power be confined to the most simple processes; but yet the principle is within him, and as no radical distinction can be made between the memory of the feeble and the powerful intellect, so none can be made between the memory of an animal and of a man.

That principle which remembers, abstracts, imagines, and reasons, is *Mind*.

The principle called *Instinct* remembers, abstracts, imagines, and reasons. Therefore, this principle is *Mind*.

The general deduction follows, that the same thinking intellectual principle pervades all animated existences; created by the DEITY, and bestowed in such measures upon the different species as appeared in His wisdom requisite for the destiny and happiness of each; thus establishing a scale from man to the lowest orders of animalculæ; and the successive steps downward from the man of the highest intellectual range to the man of the lowest, are no farther than from the latter to the most intelligent animal; and from him successively to the lowest in the scale of intelligence. All endued with that wonderful principle, which in man, rising above the office of providing for physical wants, expends its powers on the highest subjects of knowledge, though the final cause of this knowledge is the benefit of himself or his species, while in animals, being



more limited in its range, but perhaps more delicate in some of its powers, it may be employed, for aught we know, on important subjects of knowledge, tending to promote their own happiness, of a character so minute and intricate as to be beyond the utmost appreciation of the human mind; but yet as essential to their welfare as the most common principles of philosophy are essential to ours.

There is nothing unnatural in this theory; so far from it, it appears to be suggested by nature itself. We all have a living existence, and that existence to sustain and enjoy. The history of animals and men exhibits so many characteristics in common, and those more powerful characteristics which we have discovered only in men, merely serving to establish endowments stronger in degree, without warranting a fundamental distinction, a scale of intelligence from man to the most inferior animal, appears to result as naturally as a scale of intelligence among men, founded on their different characteristics. It may be said, perhaps, that some of these facts and arguments can be employed as well to prove a moral as an intellectual nature. Admitting this for a moment, it is by no means certain that they have not to some extent a moral sense; although our inquiry has no reference to this branch of the subject. Their endowments, like those of the tribes of Africa, neither improve nor degenerate materially; and who is prepared to say that a Goth or a Hun exhibited a nicer sense of right and wrong than a tiger or an elephant does? We know nothing concerning their secret relations. The order and harmony of the bee-hive, the ant-hill, the families of beavers, and flocks of birds; the apparent recognition by some animals of the right of property; will perhaps ever remain an enigma. Animals, on the other hand, of the same species, oppress each other no more than man does his fellow-man; and those of different species cannot act with greater ferocity toward each other, than they can find an example for in human conduct. We tread upon them without concern, and hunt them down for mere amusement. We prepare them for slaughter with a degree of indifference to their sufferings and death that is shocking in the last extreme. Let us not boast too much of our moral qualities, although the Deity did design that we should subsist in part upon flesh; although we have the marks of this design upon us, the same as the bear and the wolf, and have the sanction of the Scriptures; for although the final cause of this is wise, it is no excuse for cruelty; and probably an enlightened moral sense would teach us to abstain entirely from animal food, if we can live without it. We can no more say that animals were made for our convenience exclusively, than that the hare was made for the lion, or that the Deity would wish man should uproot every other species, than that the tiger should. The simple truth is, we are all alike creatures of the Deity, and subjects of His will. He designed all existence; He bestowed it; and His beneficent protection is extended alike over all His works; from man, the noblest of His creation, to the young ravens, whose cry He has admonished us He deigns to hear.

*October, 1843.*

AQUARIUS.

## B Y Z A N T I U M .

ROLL on thou Bosphorus, in wrath or play,  
Roused by the storm, or gilded by the ray ;  
With thy blue billows to the boundless sea  
Roll on, like Time unto Eternity.  
Thy empire nought shall change ; upon thy breast  
Guilt hath no record, tyranny no rest ;  
Roll on : the rock-built city shall decay,  
Man sleep in death, and kingdoms pass away,  
But thou, unbowed, shalt steal like music by,  
Or lift thy Titan strength, and dare the sky.

Alas for proud Byzantium ! on *her* head  
The fire may smoulder and the foe may tread,  
Yet with heroic look and lovely form  
She mocks the deep, unconscious of the storm ;  
Her footstool is the shore, which hears the moan  
Of dying waves ; the mountain is her throne ;  
Her princely minarets, whose spires on high  
Gleam with their crescents in the cloudless sky ;  
Her temples, bathed in all the pomp of day ;  
Her domes, that backward flash the living ray ;  
Her cool kiosks, round which, from granite white,  
High sparkling fountains catch a rainbow light ;  
And the dark cypress, sombre and o'ercast,  
Which hints cold sleep, the longest and the last ;  
Each scene around this haughty city throws  
A mingled charm of action and repose ;  
Each feature speaks of glory wrapt in gloom,  
The feast, the shroud, the palace, and the tomb.

Yes, thou art fair ; but still my soul surveys  
A vision of delight, and still I gaze,  
Proud city, on the past ; when first the beam  
Slept on thy temples in its mid-day dream,  
Methinks the genius of thy father-land  
Raised his gray head and clenched his withered hand,  
Exulting, in a parent's pride, to see  
Old Rome, *without her gods*, revived in thee.  
Beautiful Queen ! unlike thy high compeers,  
Thou wast not cradled in the lap of years ;  
But, like celestial Pallas, hymned of old,  
Thy sovereign form, inviolate and bold,  
Sprung to the perfect zenith of its prime,  
And took no favor from the hands of Time.

There every glorious gift of every zone  
Was flung before thee on thy virgin throne :  
No breeze could blow but unto thee some slave,  
Some handmaid ship, came riding o'er the wave ;  
The costly treasures of thy marble isle,  
The spice of Ind, the riches of the Nile,  
The stores of earth, like streams that seek the sea,  
Poured out the tribute of their wealth for thee.  
Oh ! proud was thy dominion ; states and kings  
Slept 'neath the shadow of thine outstretched wings ;  
And to the moral eye, how more than fair  
Were thy peculiar charms, which boasted there  
No proud pantheon flaming in the sun,  
To claim for many gods that due to One ;  
No scene of tranquil grove and babbling stream,  
Of vain philosophy to boast and dream,  
Till Reason shows a maze without a clue,  
And Truth seems false, and Falsehood's self seems true.

Oh, no! upon thy temples, gladly bright,  
The truth revealed shed down its living light;  
Thine was no champion-badge of pagan shame,  
But that best gift, the Cross of Him who came  
To lift the guilty spirit from the sod,  
To point from earth to heaven, from man to God.

Alas! that peace so gentle, hope so fair,  
Should wake but strife, should herald but despair;  
Oh, thine, Byzantium, thine were bitter tears,  
A couch of fever and a throne of fears;  
When passion drugged the bowl and grasped the steel,  
When murder followed in the track of zeal;  
When that religion, born to guide and bless,  
Itself became perverse and merciless:  
While factions of the circus and the shrine,  
And lords like slaves and slaves like lords, were thine.  
What boots the well-known tale so often told?  
The feuds that found them frantic left them cold;  
The crimes that made them wicked made them weak,  
And bloodless might the Arab spread, and wreak  
His wasting vengeance; while the soldier slept  
The spoiler plundered and the province wept:  
Thus did thine empire sink in slow decay,  
Thus were its lordly branches lopt away;  
And thou, exposed and stript, wast left instead  
To bear the lightning on thy naked head.

Yet wert thou noble still; in vain, in vain  
The Vandal strove — he could not break his chain;  
The bold Bulgarian cursed thee as he bled,  
The Persian trembled, and the pirate fled;  
Twice did the baffled Arab onward press  
To drink thy tears of danger and distress;  
Twice did the fiery Frank usurp thy halls,  
And twice the Grecian drove him from thy walls:  
And when at last up sprung thy Tartar foe,  
With fire and sword more dread than Dandolo,  
Vain was the task; the triumph was not won  
Till fraud achieved what treason had begun;  
Till blood made red thy ramparts and thy waves,  
And one man's glory left ten thousand graves.

But in that fierce distress, and at thy cry,  
Did none defend thee, and did none reply?  
No! kings were deaf, and pontiffs, in their pride,  
Like Levites gazed, and like them turned aside;  
While infidels within Sophia's shrine  
Profaned the cup that held the sacred wine;  
And, worse than the idolaters of old,  
Proclaimed that prophet chief, whose books unfold  
The deadliest faith that ever framed a spell  
To make of heaven an earth, of earth a hell.

Yet stood there one erect in might and mind,  
Before him groaned Despair, and Death behind;  
Oh thou last Cæsar, greater midst thy tears  
Than all thy laureled and renowned compeers,  
I see thee yet, I see thee kneeling where  
The patriarch lifts the cup and breathes the prayer;  
Now in the tempest of the battle's strife,  
Where trumpets drown the shrieks of parting life,  
Now with a thousand wounds upon thy breast  
I see thee pillow thy calm head in rest;  
And, like a glory-circled martyr, claim  
The wings of death to speed thy soul from shame.  
But thou, fair city! to the Turk bowed down,  
Didst lose the brightest jewels of thy crown:

They could not spoil thee of thy skies, thy sea,  
 Thy mountain belts of strength and majesty;  
 But the bright cross, the volumes rescued long,  
 Sunk 'neath the feet of that barbarian throng;  
 While rose the gorgeous Haram in its sin,  
 So fair without, so deadly foul within:  
 That sepulchre in all except repose,  
 Where woman strikes the lute and plucks the rose,  
 Strives to be gay but feels, despite the will,  
 The heart, the heart is true to nature still.  
 Yet, for a season, did the Moslem's hand  
 Win for thy state an aspect of command;  
 Let Syria, Egypt tell, let Persia's shame,  
 Let haughty Barbarossa's deathless name,  
 Let Buda speak, let Rhodes, whose knighted brave  
 Were weak to serve her, impotent to save:  
 Zeal in the rear and valor in the van  
 Spread far the flats of thy sage divan,  
 Till stretched the sceptre of thy sway, awhile  
 Victorious, from the Dnieper to the Nile.

Brief, transitory glory, foul the day,  
 Foul thy dishonor, when in Corinth's bay,  
 'Neath the rich sun triumphant Venice spread  
 Her lion banner as the Moslem fled;  
 When proud Vienna's sallying troops were seen,  
 When Zeuta's laurels decked the brave Eugene;  
 When the great shepherd led the Persian van,  
 And Cyrus lived again in KOULLI KHAN;  
 And last and worst, when Freedom spurned the yoke,  
 And tyrants trembled as the GREEK awoke!

Now joy to Greece! the genius of her clime  
 Shall cast its gauntlet at the tyrant Time.  
 And wake again the valor and the fire  
 Which rears the trophy or attunes the lyre.  
 Oh known how early, and beloved how long,  
 The sea-girt shrines of battle and of song,  
 The clustering isles that by the Ocean prest,  
 In sunshine slumber on his dark blue breast:  
 Land of the brave, athwart whose ghastly night  
 Streams the bright dawn, red harbinger of light,  
 May Glory now efface each blot of shame,  
 May Freedom's torch yet light the path to fame;  
 May Christian truth in this, thy second birth,  
 Add strength to empire, give to wisdom worth,  
 And with the rich-fraught hopes of coming years  
 Inspire thy triumphs while it dries thy tears!

Yes, joy to Greece! but even a brighter star  
 On Hope's horizon sheds its light afar:  
 Oh Stamboul! thou who once didst clasp the sign,  
 What if again Sophia's holy shrine  
 Should, deaf to creeds of sensual joy and strife,  
 Reëcho to the words whose gift is life;  
 If down those isles the billowy music's swell  
 Should pour the song of Judah, and should tell  
 Of sinners met in penitence to kneel,  
 And bless the comfort they have learned to feel;  
 Then though thy fortune or thy fame decline,  
 Then oh! how *more* than victory were thine!

Ah! dear RELIGION, born of Him who smiled  
 And prayed for pardon when the Jew reviled,  
 No rose-bound Houris with a song of glee  
 Strew the rich couch, no tyrant strikes for thee;  
 Thy holier altar feeds its silent fire  
 With love, not hate — with reason, not desire;

Welcome in weal or woe, thy sovereign might  
 Can temper sorrow or enrich delight;  
 Prepared to gild with hope our darkest hours,  
 Or crown the brimming cup of joy with flowers;  
 Thine is the peace-branch, thine the pure command  
 Which joins mankind like brothers hand in hand;  
 And oh! 'tis thine to purge each worldly stain,  
 Wrench the loose links which bind this mortal chain,  
 Whisper of realms untravelled, paths untrod,  
 And lead, like Jacob's ladder, up to God!

WILLIAM C. S. BLAIR.

## N E M A H   A N D   N U M A N .

TRANSLATED FROM THE TURKISH OF SOHAÏLY, BY J. P. BROWN, CONSTANTINOPLE.

In the time of the Sovereigns of the Beni Ommieh, there resided in the city of Cufah a very wealthy merchant named REBI BIN JABIR; a man possessed of great good feelings and kindness of disposition. This merchant had a son of equally good qualities, in whom, as the close of his life drew near, all his hopes became centered. He named this his only child Numan; paid great attention to his education; taught him to read and write; and, in fine, instructed him in all the accomplishments of that period.

Rebi bin Jabir purchased a young white female slave, of angelic beauty, named NEMAH BINTI TEVFIK, whom he had elevated in a manner which should render her worthy to become his son's companion. This *Riski Hoor*, or object of the jealousy of the Houries of Paradise, was a sweet, tender maiden, such as the eye of the world had never seen, nor of whom the ear of the son of Adam ever heard. They grew up and were instructed together; and ere they had reached the age of puberty, these two young creatures, like the sun and moon for pure brilliancy and light, were unique for their knowledge and accomplishments; particularly the talent of music and song. In the garden of Beauty they were like two cypresses.

Their wealthy parent had erected for them a dwelling like those of the garden of Paradise, which he had beautifully painted and furnished, and where his son and the cypress-formed Nemah were wont to spend their evenings in pleasure and enjoyment. One night when he was disposed to make merry with his mistress, Nemah took an *Oad*, or Lute in her hand, and with a countenance blooming with youthful freshness and innocent modesty, sang a harmonious air.

While thus engaged, by chance, the governor of the city of Cufah, the cause of much sorrow, Hedjadj ez Zalim, or The Cruel, passed beneath their dwelling, and hearing the melodious sound of Nemah's voice, involuntarily sighed; and after listening for some time, turned to his attendants and praised the talent of the singer.

'If,' said he, 'this slave's face and form are equal to the delicacy of her voice, I will give any price for her—for a jewel of such great value. Go, learn to whom she belongs; for I desire to send her as a present to the caliph.' So, calling the chief officer of his police, he confided the affair to that master of intrigue, recommending him to be diligent and expeditious.

This man, early on the following morning, called to his aid a cunning old woman, and said to her: 'Help, oh! mother of praise-worthy conduct! Hedjadj ez Zalim has need of your services. You must inform me to whom a girl in such a dwelling belongs; how I shall be able to get possession of her; and what arrangements I must make to bring it about.'

The infamous old woman replied: 'On my head and eyes be it, if the object of your desires be among the Pleiads, on the surface, or under the earth, be it my duty to find her! So consider her as already in your possession.'

The officer conducted the old wretch to Hedjadj the Cruel, and on introducing her, Hedjadj said: 'Go to the house of Numan, son of Rebieh, and if you find that his slave is worthy of presentation to the caliph, obtain her in whatever manner you may like best, only render yourself worthy of my generosity.'

Now the old woman attired herself in the dress of a sofee, or religious devotee, of an hundred years old; and taking an ebony rod in her hand, wrapped a shawl around her head, and, bent almost double, set out on her way, crying out aloud as she passed along: 'There is no God but ALLAH! oh! these inattentive people!' Deceived by her appearance, the simple-minded who met her on the way, embraced her hands and feet, and implored her blessing and prayers.

At noon, precisely, she reached Numan's dwelling; and on wishing to pass its gate was prevented by the door-keepers. The old hypocrite said to them: 'I am a servant of God, who, having deserted the world, have no other desire than to acquire knowledge, and offer up prayers of devotion; why do you prevent my passage?'

While they were yet engaged discussing her entrance, a servant from within made his appearance, and the old woman, addressing him, said: 'Wherever I bend my steps they bring good fortune; and, as every one profits by my prayers, these door-keepers are very foolish to prevent my entrance.'

The simple-minded servant directed the door-keepers not to prevent her; and taking the old wretch by the hand, led her to Nemah, and asked her blessing. Nemah also was soon deceived by her appearance, and beside offering her every mark of respect, invited her to be seated by her side.

Scarcely were they seated, when she exclaimed: 'Let prayer-time be not forgotten; show me a retired spot where I may offer my devotions.' Nemah, like a waving cypress, hastened to serve her; spread her a carpet with her own hands, and ordered her attendants not to disturb her. The old hypocrite prolonged her prayers from noon to *akendee*, (three o'clock,) and the three o'clock



prayer to that of night-fall, without ever rising from her carpet; and by her false piety gained not only Nemah's heart, but those of all her maidens; so that they all knelt around her feet, and besought her blessing. Every night she would tell Nemah's maidens stories about pious people, and of the efficacy of their prayers.

Early one morning she arose, and asked permission to depart; and when Numah inquired where she purposed going, she replied, that it was her desire to visit some holy persons who resided in that neighborhood. In fine, she so praised them, that Nemah begged her not to refuse her the privilege of accompanying her, to beg also the blessing of the good people. The old woman answered: 'If the recompense of your visit is written on your brow (predestined), it will be easy to obtain. Inshallah! if God wills, we will obtain the object of your desires.'

The unfortunate girl put faith in her words; and after adjusting her dress, they set out on their way. Soon they reached a doorway, that of the palace of Hedjadj ez Zalim, which they entered; and putting Nemah in a vestibule, 'Stay here,' said she, 'while I go to see if the holy man is alone.' So going into the palace, she hastened to give Hedjadj news of her success; and then the accursed creature departed by another door. Hedjadj soon came to the vestibule, and for the first time beholding the beautiful creature, saw a fair maiden resplendent as the moon in her fourteenth night, and illuminating the whole universe with her splendor:

A maiden unequalled for beauty.  
The world a slave to her ringlet.  
A fresh rose from the garden of fidelity,  
And a thousand Philomels are her lovers.

Forthwith he ordered one of his officers to take a sufficient number of men for a guard, and convey the maiden to the residence of the caliph. The officer immediately got ready a litter, and compelling the wretched maiden to enter it, set out for Damascus. Poor Nemah now knew something of the cruel misfortune to which she had become a prey; her suffering and wounded heart (liver) became roasted, and her eyes wept tears of blood, on being thus separated from her lover, country, and home.

In thirty or forty days, they reached Damascus, and entering the palace of the caliph, the officer delivered the letter and maiden from Hedjadj, governor of Cufah. When Abdul Malek (the reigning caliph) saw the lovely, heart-ravishing maiden, he acknowledged her to be a perfect beauty, whom the painter of creation had drawn on the page of existence; such as the eye of observation had never seen, nor of which the ear of the imagination had never heard:

Well made, graceful, delicate, and fresh.  
Every member full of grace and splendor.  
Her lips more translucent than limpid water.  
The stars envious of her pearly teeth:  
Her moles are most beauteous to the eye;  
Rose-buds open when she smiles, and  
Jewels are scattered when she speaks.

Involuntarily the caliph became lost in love with the beautiful creature; passion reached even the centre of his heart; and the thread of power over himself escaped from his hands. Calling his chief eunuch, he ordered him to prepare apartments for her worthy of her beauty; to treat her with kindness, and to be attentive to all her wants.

The caliph Abdul Malek had a sister named Abbassah, a lady of very superior beauty, whom, in his mirth, he addressed, saying: 'Hedjadj has done us a service, which, had he sent me news that he had conquered a province for me, would not have given me greater pleasure. His present is truly worthy of my acceptance.' Abbassah answered her brother: 'May your pleasure be everlasting! Pray what kind of a present has he sent you?' The caliph handed her Hedjadj's letter, wherein she learned that he had purchased for twelve thousand pieces of gold a maiden of exquisite beauty, and offered her for her brother's acceptance. Abbassah asked permission to go and see the maiden, and gain her good-will and friendship; and, on beholding Nemah, she exclaimed that she was indeed an angel in a human form:

With so much beauty, are you a moon from the skies,  
A new species of unknown humanity?  
Truly, you merit the gift of hearts.  
One look alone at your fair face  
Is worth twelve thousand pieces of gold;  
And oh! how great is my brother's good fortune!

Now Abbassah's beauty was celebrated all over Syria, but when she became companion to the mirror of Nemah's beauty, the moon appeared eclipsed. This lady of ladies inquired for her health, and complimented her on this great good fortune, which had brought her to be the companion of so grand a sovereign as her brother. But poor Nemah only returned her kindness with a sigh, and addressing her, asked:

'Oh, fair of front! whose sweet words touch my heart, and whose ringlets adorn an angel's face, pray tell me, your hand-maiden, who sold me, for whom I was taken, to whom does this mansion belong, and what is the cause of my affliction?'

Abbassah was greatly astonished at these inquiries, and asked what they meant. 'Do you not know who sold you?—that it was Hedjadj ez Zalim, governor of Cufah, who bought you for twelve thousand pieces of gold, and presented you to the caliph?—that this is the palace of the caliph?—and that I am his sister?'

When poor Nemah heard this, she burst into tears, and wept so profusely as to wound the soul and liver of Abbassah:

The fountain of her tears overflowed;  
Her liver was like unto tulips,  
And her tears fell like morning dew.

Abbassah now perceived there must be some secret connected with Nemah; so, after endeavoring to console her, she arose and went to the caliph, and addressed him, saying:

'Oh! Emir of the Faithful! give the newly-arrived maiden a

few days' repose, and allow her time to become acquainted with her new home and companions. She is unhappy, and requires to be left to herself awhile.'

The sensible heart of the caliph was touched by the words of his sister, and he requested her to have a physician sought for, and consulted on the maiden's health. To this Abbassah replied: 'On my head and eyes be it;' and while she searches for a physician, let us return to the unhappy Numan.

Now when Numan had the misfortune to be separated from his mistress, and his beloved companion no more returned to his dwelling, his heart burnt and his eyes wept, and he bewailed her absence. His father also was much aggrieved at the loss of his son's idol. Soon the rose-cheeks of poor Numan faded like autumn leaves, and the alarmed parent sought advice of a physician. If divine wisdom guides the humble servant, the desire of the afflicted will be effected, and the object of his hopes be attained.

While the afflicted father, Rebi bin Jaber, was seated in his dwelling, overwhelmed with sorrow, suddenly a voice reached his ear, saying:

'Let him who needs an expert physician, and an able astrologer, one versed in the science of geomancy and the other hidden knowledges, appear.'

This was a man who, according to the custom of the country, proclaimed his calling in the public way. Rebi at once ordered his servants to bring the man in, and after showing him every attention, he requested of him a remedy for his son. When the learned man had felt Numan's pulse, he knew that no remedy was needed, and informed the parent that his son had not one atom of disease; but, added he, 'I perceive he is feverish from the passion of Love.'

Rebi now related to him the whole circumstance of his son's affliction, adding: 'Tell me, is his mistress dead or alive?—on this earth, or in heaven?—what is her condition?—to whose border has she become a prisoner?—and is there any means of freeing her?'

Now the physician was a perfect master of the science of geomancy; so taking his sand in his hand, he scattered and divided it; then observed its meaning; twice bent his head, and finally was confident that Nemah was in Damascus. 'Good news!' exclaimed the old man to Rebi; 'the end of this trial is lucky, though indeed the sand turns heavily. After your maiden left you, she did not pass the night in the city.'

'Since you know that she is in Damascus, pray,' said Rebi, 'throw the sand once more, so that we may know in whose house she is, and who holds her in confinement.'

The physician did as he was requested, threw another and yet another time his sand; and on examining it, added, smiling: 'Good news! good news to you! your maiden has been sent by the governor of this country to Damascus, where she now is in the palace of the caliph. With God's permission we will yet unloose this knot.'

Rebi, now greatly rejoiced, gave the physician large and costly

presents; and, in case of success, promised him all he possessed in the world. 'Provide what is necessary for the voyage,' replied the physician, 'and let us set out direct for Damascus, where we will see what God will show us.'

Soon the essentials were got ready, and they departed; and in the course of a few days reached that city, where in its very centre they opened a shop, stocking it with liquids and drugs in Keshan vases. For some days they treated all who visited them for their complaints, and so successfully cured them, that their name soon became celebrated throughout the whole city. Poor Numan, in the hope of finding a remedy for his grief, sat all day long, opposite the physician, quiet and submissive as a burning night-candle.

At length a female slave in the caliph's palace having heard of the cures performed by the physician, informed Abbassah that a person had arrived at Damascus from Irak, who had remedies for all manner of diseases. The caliph's sister was overjoyed at this news. 'Let us send and represent to this physician poor Nemah's condition; perhaps he may benefit her also.' So one of the slaves of the Harem, named Kahermaneh, was sent to his shop, and addressing the physician, said: 'I am a servant of the Harem of the caliph, and have come to inform you that his favorite maiden is ill; if you are so fortunate as to find a remedy for her, great will be your recompense.' After questioning Kahermaneh, he remarked, that the maiden had no natural disease; 'tell me,' added he, 'her name.'

'Strange!' replied Kahermaneh, 'do you treat the sick, or purchase slaves, that you ask her name?'

'Pardon me,' he answered; 'I asked the sick person's name so as to count the letters which compose it, then write some appropriate holy names on her star, and see what kind of remedies are necessary.'

On hearing this, the slave exclaimed: 'May God bless you; your talent has been proven on every science;' and so gave him the name of Nemah, adding, that her father was called Tevfik; at which he said 'God's Tevfik (assistance) will aid us.'

When poor Numan heard the name of the object of all his desires, bloody tears fell from his eyes, and he uttered an 'Ah!' full of plaintive sorrow. The physician told him in his own language, *فانی مکن خاشی باش*; 'Divulge not, but be silent; rise, and hand me that vase of medicine;' which Numan obeying, he wrapped up in paper a piece of *mājuu* (electuary), and pouring a liquid from another vase into a bottle, told him to tie up its mouth with paper, and in his own usual style, to write on it that the patient should every morning mix some of the liquid with water and drink it. This Numan having done, he delivered the medicines to Kahermaneh.

Now when Nemah saw the hand-writing of her lover, she involuntarily sprang from her seat, and hastily mixing some of the liquid, as directed, drank it off, and said to Kahermaneh, 'Your goodness has been recompensed; my heart finds great relief from this medicine; and if my complaint can be cured, it will be by this. What kind of a man is this physician?'

'He is from Cufah,' was the reply; 'is a man of extraordinary talents, and acquainted with every kind of science. He has in his employ,' added Kahermaneh, 'a youth of great beauty and gentleness;' and as she described his person and dress Nemah's eyes filled with tears, for she understood it was Numan.

While they were engaged in conversation, the caliph came to pay his maiden a visit, and Kahermaneh said to him: 'Oh! Prince of the Faithful! an expert physician has visited our city, from whom I obtained medicines which have proven most beneficial to Nemah.' On learning this the caliph was greatly rejoiced, and putting five hundred pieces of silver in a purse gave it to the maiden, bidding her send a portion of it to the physician who had benefited her. 'His labor is not lost,' added he; 'let him be diligent and attentive.' Nemah took four hundred of the pieces and gave them to Kahermaneh, and then putting the remainder into a purse, with a scrap of paper on which she had written with her own hand: 'This from Nemah, who is separated from her beloved friend, her country, and home;' then sealing it, she gave the purse to Kahermaneh, who carried it to the physician, saying: 'Thanks and blessings to you, for your remedies have proven very beneficial to our sick one, who has regained her color and strength, and her heart is rejoiced.'

The physician handed the purse over to Numan, who on beholding the hand-writing of his mistress, his senses left him, and his cypress form like a shadow strowed the ground. The physician threw rose-scented water in his face, and as his senses slowly returned, tears fell from his eyes. Kahermaneh seeing this, her liver burned within her; she also wept, and in sympathizing grief, addressed Numan thus: 'Unhappy youth, may they never smile who make you weep; pray tell me the cause of your grief.'

Oh! joy of the heart, and light of the eyes!  
 Perce's envy, and Hoore's jealousy;  
 On the mind of your breast is the dust of grief,  
 And yours must be no common sorrow.

Numan replied: 'You are more piteous and tender even than my parents. I am that unhappy youth whose companion Hedjadj ez Zalim, governor of Cufah, by means of a deceitful old woman enticed out on a visit, and sent off as a present to the caliph. This is the grief which has separated me from my home and country, and sent me forth an exile in affliction.'

'Ah!' replied Kahermaneh; 'and that beautiful creature is afflicted wholly from being separated from you.'

Now the physician offered the purse to Kahermaneh, saying: 'I have no need of money; I beg you, for the sake of my gray head, be kind to our cause; keep our secret, and if you do us a favor, until death we will not forget you in our prayers.' In fine, Kahermaneh promised to peril even her soul in their service, and to bring the lovers together.

So, taking with her some more medicines, similarly put up and labelled, this kind woman returned to the palace of the caliph, and opening the conversation with Nemah, found that she verified all

Numan had told her. 'Do you desire to see him again?' asked she. Nemah replied: 'Can you ask the sick body if it wants health, or the dying man if he wishes for life? If I can but see his beautiful face once more with mortal eyes, I would then willingly expire.'

Kahermaneh said: 'Then give me a spare suit of female clothes;' which having received, she proceeded forthwith to the physician's shop, and on putting the question to Numan whether he desired to see Nemah again, he answered, 'Yes, even if I but look and die:'

To the ardent lover no deception is wrong;  
Whatever the heart speaks must be true.  
Boundless are the ardent impulses of love;  
To die is a small sacrifice for one's beloved.

'Hasten, then,' said the good woman, 'put on that female dress, and let us set out; but the All-Just alone can fulfil your wishes.' They now took leave of the physician, and praying as they went, reached the entrance of the palace, where a eunuch asked who was Kahermaneh's companion? The reply was, that she was the sister of the caliph's favorite. When they had reached the inner gate of the Harem, Kahermaneh said: 'I cannot pass beyond this, but will wait for you here. This passage leads by ten apartments; follow it, counting as you go, and remember that *the ninth* is Nemah's, while the tenth is that of the caliph's sister. Make no mistake, and after seeing your mistress, return to this spot.'

Numan did as he was directed; passing on, and counting the apartments as he went; but from timidity and fear he miscounted, and entered the apartment of the caliph's sister, Abbassah, which was furnished with a throne-like sofa, and its walls covered with silk and brocade. It was empty, but poor Numan, half dead with fear, in momentary expectation of seeing his mistress enter, threw himself on the sofa.

Presently a stately and noble person, like the world-adorning Phæbus, entered the apartment, who to her great surprise beheld a woman seated on her sofa, who from fear did not rise up to respect her. Abbassah, for it was her, exclaimed, 'What foolish woman are you, who without my permission dare to enter thus my apartment?' But suddenly, acting according to her Hashemite generosity of character, she added, in a milder tone: 'Who are you? Come, fear not, but tell me your story.'

Poor Numan, speechless with fright, could only throw himself at Abbassah's feet, and humbly rub his face and eyes upon them. The noble-hearted woman was touched with pity, and said: 'Be not afflicted; you are in a place of safety.' Then exposing his face, she perceived he was a man; and kindly added: 'Unhappy man, what secret cause has reduced you to adopt this disguise? what misfortune has befallen you? Speak, and tell me the truth, for *السَّجَاةُ فِي الْهَرَمِ* 'safety is in sincerity.' Numan, with tears in his eyes, related all his story to Abbassah; and it so touched the heart of the noble princess that she also wept, until her tears fell down on her angelic bosom, and she exclaimed: 'Oh! Numan, be



no longer afflicted, for you are safe.' Clapping her hands until her maidens came in, 'Prepare,' said she, 'a seat for me, and then, giving my *sâlams* to sweet Nemah, invite her to come to see me.'

Abbassah directed her maidens to make place; and so soon as Nemah had made her appearance, she saw Numan, and these two faithful lovers rushing into each other's arms, fell senseless on the floor. She threw rose-scented water in their faces, and when they had regained their senses, they, offering prayers and thanks for her benevolence, threw themselves at her feet. Immediately joy was on every countenance, and the maidens attendant upon Abbassah were greatly rejoiced for their companion's sake. Each drank three goblets of wine, and each taking their appropriate instrument, played a lively air, accompanying it with their voices. Even Nemah, forgetful of her past sorrows, took a lute in her hand and played an air appropriate to the occasion of her reünion with her lover.

In the midst of this display of delight, lo! the caliph came unexpectedly to see his sister; and on hearing the sound of music and song, approached her door in light step, saying, 'Barik Allah! God be blessed! what sweet sounds are these?' So soon as Abbassah became aware of his approach, she threw a shawl over Numan, and advancing to receive the caliph, prepared a seat for him. Turning to his sister, 'Pray,' said he, 'whatever your conversation may have been, continue it, and let us be a partaker of your mirth.' Abbassah forthwith handed him also three cups full of ruby liquid, which he drank; and after it had exhilarated him, she addressed him as follows:

'Oh! Emir of the Faithful! know that once in past times there was an aged man who had a heart-binding son, brought up with great delicateness and care, for whom he had purchased a maiden, who for beauty and accomplishments was the admiration of the world. These two young persons were educated and grew up together, and loved each other with the strongest affection. Now it happened that one evening when this lover and his mistress were amusing themselves in their own dwelling, the governor of that city, an unjust and tyrannical man, passed under their house and heard the sweet voice of the maiden. So, on the day following, he, by means of a vile woman, deceives the maiden, gets her in his power, and sends her as a present to the sovereign of the age. The youthful lover becomes greatly distressed on being separated from his mistress, and devotes his life to find her. By one means or other he obtains admittance to the palace in which she is confined, and they meet. In the midst of their rejoicings, and the mutual recital of the sufferings which they had experienced during their separation, lo! the sovereign of the country suddenly enters the apartment, and without a moment's delay, or making a single inquiry, draws his sword and puts them to death on the spot. This is all one can expect of an ignorant sovereign, who never inquires into the merits of an affair. But what do you think of it?'

'Stupid ignorance!' replied the caliph; 'the lovers were excusable: he should have learned their story, aided the accomplishment of their desires, and prevented future injustice.'

Abbassah exclaimed: 'Oh! Prince of the Faithful! generosity and benevolence is an inheritance of the tribe of Koraish:\* tell me, by the souls of your noble forefathers, did such an act, or such a circumstance occur during your reign, and in your own empire, what would you do?'

'I swear that when I was convinced that their condition was as you describe,' replied the caliph, 'I would bestow my favor upon them, and the deceitful governor, whose duty it was to protect true Mussulmans, I would punish for evil administration.'

Abbassah now thanked her brother, kissed his hand, and as she exclaimed, 'May your protecting shadow never pass over the heads of the innocent without rendering them justice!' drew the shawl from off Numan, and said: 'Behold, oh, Prince! the subject of my tale. This is the unfortunate youth, and this the unhappy maiden, who so cruelly was separated from her lover! Hedjadj ez Zalem treated them as I have related; and is it proper that he should endeavor to cause you, noble prince! to commit sin and injustice? Power to do good is in your own princely hands; do whatever you may deem best.'

While Abbassah was yet speaking, the two lovers threw themselves at the caliph's feet; and when she had finished, Abdul Malek, with the generosity and justice which distinguished his reign, raised them up, and taking Nemah by the hand gave her to Numan, dressed him in a robe of honor, and placed him in the highest ranks of his officers. Soon after he dismissed Hedjadj from his office, and appointed the prince in his place. To Kahermaneh he gave one thousand dinars: the sorrow which she had once felt for the lovers was turned to joy; and under the shadow of the caliph's favor she never knew adversity. As to Hedjadj the Cruel, the loss of his office rendered him miserable, and he ever after lived in poverty.

J. P. B.

#### S O N N E T

TO L. AND M. D., THE BUDS OF THE SARANAC.

AN angel breathed upon a budding flower,  
 And on that breath the bud went up to heaven,  
 Yet left a fragrance in the little bower,  
 To which its first warm blushes had been given;  
 And, by that fragrance nursed, another grew,  
 And so they both had being in the last,  
 And on this one distilled Heaven's choicest dew,  
 And rays of glorious light were on it cast,  
 Until the floweret claimed a higher birth,  
 And would not open on a scene so drear,  
 For it was more of paradise than earth,  
 And strains from thence came ever floating near;  
 And so it passed, and long ere noontide's hour,  
 The bud of earth had oped, a heaven-born flower.

\* THE tribe from which MOHAMMED descended.

## W I N T E R .

STERN tyrant of the year!  
The circling hours bring thine ascendant day,  
And hill and plain, sky, sea, and stream obey  
Thy rule austere.

The conqueror's march is thine;  
Each step thou mark'st with trophies of decay,  
And with the fair earth's ruins thy proud way  
Dost thickly line.

Deathful thy scowl of gloom;  
And the soft green from tree and shrub doth pass,  
And summer's delicate flowers and twinkling grass  
Are spoiled of bloom.

Beneath thy chilling breath  
The sweet-voiced brooks, that bounded on their way  
Gleesome and frisk, as children at their play,  
Lie stiff in death.

Thou speak'st, and the blithe hum  
Of insect life, the choral measures sung  
By tuneful birds the greenwood boughs among,  
Are stricken dumb.

Earth's sceptre thou dost bear;  
And the white badge of servitude to thee  
Each crested mount, low valley, stream, and tree  
Submissive wear.

Therefore, dread power! rejoice;  
Bid the shrill winds pipe out thy triumph high,  
And ocean's glad, accordant waves reply  
With thunder-voice.

Yet, deem not, potent One!  
Though subject earth lie prostrate at thy feet,  
That, throned in universal empire's seat,  
Thou reign'st alone.

The nobler Spirit-world  
No trophies of thy prowess yields to thee;  
No flaunting banner of thy sovereignty  
Is there unfurled.

The gladsome stream of thought  
Glides fertilizing on, untamed and free,  
And tracks its bright way toward Thought's central sea,  
Heeding thee nought.

The green growths of the soul  
Their fragrance breathe, despite thy stormy air,  
And not one delicate tint their blossoms wear  
Owns thy control.

No winter blights and lours  
Where sojourneth the faithful spirit clear,  
Fruitage and bloom for it the teeming year  
Conjointly showers.

Then hail, dread Power, to thee!  
 Intently gazing in thy rugged face,  
 E'en there, methinks, benignity I trace,  
 True kindness see.

Thou bidst me turn within  
 To what, untouched of time and change, doth live,  
 That, which not outward things can ever give,  
 Or from me win.

One universal tomb  
 May close on all earth's glorious, bright, and fair,  
 But to itself still true, the Soul shall wear  
 Unwithering bloom.

D. H. B.

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## IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

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BY PETER VON GEIST.

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PRELIMINARY. — Sitting in the seat and looking on the scenes of youth; calling back its feelings and thinking over its thoughts; is, we may suppose, seldom pleasing to manhood. Fragments of plans; wrong but captivating views of life; dead hopes which once lived and bloomed; vast schemes dwindled like dry leaves; resolutions broken and re-broken; all covered and lost sight of, under the stream of events that is perpetually flowing into the memory, will come up, bringing a smile and a pang; and the youth of TWENTY will stand in living colors before the man of FORTY.

FORTY. Your face is full of joy, young man; are you thinking of me?

TWENTY. I am thinking of you, and therefore am I full of joy.

FORTY. I know nothing in me that should give you so much pleasure to contemplate.

TWENTY. Do you count, then, honor, wealth, benefactions, and the blessings of your country, as nothing? Do I not see your head encircled with the garland of praise? Are you not enriched with all knowledge and adorned with all graces? Is this a small thing? I would give away ten years of my life, if the space that intervenes between you and me — Now and Then — might be annihilated this instant!

FORTY. It is perhaps as well that that space cannot be annihilated or diminished. But could you spare ten years without feeling the loss? Do you suppose yourself sufficiently armed and equipped already, for the campaign?

TWENTY. On to the combat! What armor would you have, but a quick eye, a steady hand, and a courageous heart?

FORTY. By 'a courageous heart,' you probably mean animal spirits; but they will flag in a little while. Have you thought of that?

TWENTY. No, Sir, I do not mean animal spirits. I mean a bold, unshrinking heart, that goes forth to meet the world, and never faints; one which does not grow weary when it is encompassed with adversity, but looks, and hopes, and fights on, till it gains its high end. Is not that armor enough?

FORTY. It is, no doubt; so hard that it can receive and not be pierced by the darts of the enemy?

TWENTY. There is no need of its being hard. The encounter is not a battle; it is a joust, a tournament, a passage of arms. And cannot brothers and friends tilt, and still be brothers and friends?

FORTY. You regard, then, the business of life as the amusements of a gala-day?

TWENTY. No, Sir! no, Sir! These figures of speech only conceal and disguise its nature. It is neither a battle nor a play; it is labor. By the sweat of his brow must man eat his bread.

FORTY. 'Thorns also, and thistles shall spring up to him.'

TWENTY. I say, by labor must men gain the prize. See! I am standing at this moment on an eminence, from which I overlook the whole plain of life. On whatever side I turn my eyes, the landscape smiles, and the thickly-scattered objects of human desire arrest my attention, and invite my pursuit. All are fair and enticing; but my thoughts are fixed on that fairest and most enticing of all; that verdant hill-top before me. On it are the power of wealth and the respect of men; the consciousness of great actions done, of worth, or nobility; domestic affections throw their warm colors upon it; the power of making loved ones happy; the calm, quiet, fresh, dewy summer evening of my earthly pilgrimage; all that makes existence a blessing is there. Between it and me there may be much hard journeying, and many obstacles difficult to surmount. I cannot see them all from here, and do not care. But with my eye steadfastly fixed on that point, I descend to the plain, and set out on the way. What though it be toilsome? What though I stumble, or am thrust from the path, or fogs envelope me, and clouds overwhelm me? Can any thing turn me aside from the straight course? Can any mists be so dense as to shut out that golden spot from my view? And so I struggle on, through darkness and opposition, always keeping within me a brave heart and a well-braced spirit, and never relaxing my nerves, till I reach that predestined place of repose.

FORTY. *Disjecta membra* of a boy's dream!

TWENTY. But is it not so? Are you not now there?

FORTY. My dear young friend, there is a slight optical illusion in the case. That promised land of yours lies beyond the boundaries of life: the Styx rolls between.

TWENTY. I do not understand you. Beyond? Have you not reached it?

FORTY. Do I look like one that takes his rest? or these hands, as though I had left off working?

TWENTY. But you cannot now be far from it?

FORTY. To say the truth, I have no such place of happiness and

repose in view as you have mentioned. I lost sight of it soon after setting out. The darkness came down on me so thick that I could scarcely see three paces before me, and the road was so rough that I was forced to be content to pick my steps one by one, and had no time to think of the distant future.

TWENTY. I cannot believe it. There is many a lesser prize, many lower heights, in your path, to be gained, which should serve as encouragements and way-marks. I cannot believe that you have lost sight of the ultimate object of your life.

FORTY. You have odd views of things! The fact was, when with much exertion and difficulty I had gained one of those lesser prizes, a little social distinction, for example, I was so fatigued that I was glad to sit down a moment, and enjoy my acquisition. Finding it, however, not in every respect suited to my desire, I pushed on, and attained the next of those luminous points, which to you are only way-marks to a higher one beyond. From these I took a survey of the path before me; and seeing that its length rather increased than diminished as I obtained clearer views of the intervening country, and feeling at the same time my strength diminishing, and that 'courageous heart' of yours, (the hope and spirits of inexperienced youth,) growing fainter in its pulsations, I gave up the chase, and suffered myself to settle down into, and become one of, the million.

TWENTY. Oh! weak of faith and cowardly!

FORTY. Oh! ignorant and presumptuous!

TWENTY. Well; it does not become *us* to bandy names. So you are content to live for nothing?

FORTY. I live for something; for my daily bread, and for the pleasures that to-morrow, or at the farthest the next day, may bring forth.

TWENTY. And is not that living for nought? You have become an ant, whose thoughts are confined within its cell, and whose cares are centered on its single little kernel of corn. You are a fixture, a vegetable, a sensitive plant, a shell-fish. These are lying words of yours; I will not believe them.

FORTY. If you do not credit my report, you can go forward as you have proposed, and satisfy yourself by experience.

TWENTY. That will I! Go forth on wings, undeterred by timorous and hesitating counsels. I *know* it is not so. Can I not see with my own eyes?

FORTY. I fancy you see stars that are not in the heavens, and sights that are not on the earth.

TWENTY. I am not so pusillanimous and easily contented as you appear to be. My belief in the omnipotence of will and labor is firm. Yonder object have I set my eye on; and breaking through all obstructions, and deaf to all way-side seductions, I will force myself straight on, till I attain it.

FORTY. Valiantly resolved! Gallant Sir Knight! Will you take the world by storm?

TWENTY. I have told you already that it is not a battle. No passion or strife shall mingle with my motives. Good will to all



men, and success to my compeers, even though they triumph in my disappointment, shall be the feeling of my heart.

FORTY. As I said before, a very good resolution.

TWENTY. Nor is it necessary to spend the intervening years in monotonous, cheerless toil. There are a thousand social affections which spring up spontaneously in the human heart, but which wither unless fostered, cherished, and cultivated; there are social duties to be performed; and the whole man is to be polished into the form of grace and nobility. At the same time, from books and men, by the midnight lamp and in the crowded market-place, will I draw treasures of knowledge and skill; from history, poetry, philosophy, human nature; till I can instruct the judge on his bench, and the artisan in his shop; till I make myself such as men have in all ages delighted to honor, and been compelled to esteem. I will fashion my mind by the model of strength and beauty, and will enlarge the capacities of my heart, and fill it with love. In all this, my labors are ordered with principal reference to that ultimate point of which I never lose sight an instant. Men are forced to acknowledge excellence; much more will they acknowledge it when they see that it is amiable, and love it.

FORTY. It is with difficulty that I can refrain from laughter! You have such strange notions!

TWENTY. Do you call the notion of excellence strange? You will next say that virtue itself is an 'Idola!' But I tell you, there is a reality in both; I know it, for I can feel it. Nobility, virtue, respect, and happiness, are not empty names. The last, I am conscious of this moment; and if the others did not exist, I should never have had given to me this desire for them.

FORTY. Ignorance and happiness!

TWENTY. Knowledge and happiness! Why should they not go together? Will the innumerable gifts of nature ever be withdrawn? Or will the capability of receiving pleasure from them ever be taken away? Happiness does not necessarily accompany ignorance, but it *does* knowledge. And throughout the world, every man has within him a well-toned harp, whose strings nature and society and he himself strike together, making harmonious music. They are sometimes broken; but mine shall be well guarded, and will never produce discord.

FORTY. Foolish and vain!

TWENTY. And have *you* then become wise?

FORTY. I have become wise enough to know that you are foolish and your thoughts vain; I have become a full grown man.

TWENTY. You have, indeed, attained a full growth in the wisdom of those of sordid views and narrow foreheads! But can it be really so? Are you what you seem to be? I have felt, more than once, a suspicion creeping into my mind, that I might be, after all, mistaken. It must be so; and 'how art thou cast down, O my soul!'

FORTY. Be not disconsolate, my young friend; your soul is not so much cast down, as turned aside into another channel of thought and mode of existence.

TWENTY. Do you mock me, with your 'be not disconsolate?' If you speak the truth, there is nothing in life to live for. Had I not calculated well? Had I not found the means to be used in order to arrive at a certain position? I thought means and the result were connected; but you have undeceived me. Or else, I am too weak and cowardly to follow out my plans: in either case, I am of no worth in the world, and had better quit it at the outset.

FORTY. To quit the field, you think less disgraceful than to suffer defeat in a fair and manful fight?

TWENTY. The world's opinion is nothing to me, and I don't know the meaning of disgrace. Fame, you say, is an empty breath, happiness delusion, and knowledge vanity; these are the chief things that fill the minds of men, and they are false appearances. Why, then, should I value them?

FORTY. You cannot say that all life is not a dream.

TWENTY. Oh, I know it is; and therefore I will have nothing to do with it.

FORTY. You are a wild colt as yet, and kick against your traces. But the whip, the rein, and work, will soon break down that proud spirit of yours, and you will trot along obediently and patiently.

TWENTY. That shall never be; sooner will I leave the world altogether. To suffer this, you call courage! And to be a humble, docile, broken brute, you call becoming wise!

FORTY. You use names without discretion.

TWENTY. Oh, you would give it a softer-sounding designation; but the fact, though you may disguise it to yourself, cannot be concealed. Do you labor or hope for any thing but the present, or beyond the next hour? Do you not live with your eyes fixed on the ground? Do you not thread your devious and obscure way through the world, content to be unknown, and never casting a glance on the millions that surround you? What is that wisdom of which you boast, but to know that every man is a robber, and to bar your door against him; that friendship is an empty profession, and friends venial, therefore to trust no one; that all love is a youthful folly, unbecoming the 'full grown man;' therefore to guard against its approaches? This, I should say, is to live and think like the beast that perishes, and to die as the fool dies.

FORTY. You were inflated with that exhilarating gas, self-esteem; it is not very pleasant to have it escape, but you will soon be reduced to your own proportions.

TWENTY. And you would really have me think that there is no beauty or loveliness in the world? nothing worth hoping or striving for? Because I believed there was, and was filled with enthusiasm in viewing it, you say I was inflated with self-esteem. If I thought as you do, I should condemn myself, and deserve to be despised by every body like myself. You have lost sight of your high destiny, and defiled your soul, which *was* in the similitude of its MAKER, by frequent contact with the earth.

FORTY. I was not conscious of that.

TWENTY. Tell me, if you please, what was man made for?

FORTY. I have told you already; to eat of the fruit of his labors in sorrow, to write his name on the sea-sands, and to leave his place to his successor after him.

TWENTY. Think you that you do not defile your soul by such thoughts? To confine his aspirations to the snail-shell in which chance has cast him; to find all his delight therein; to call the three or four inches which his horizon bounds, the world; is *this* the chief end of man? I know not how it may be with others, but as for me, I was made for something better. I hope, I expect, to have a higher destiny!

FORTY. The chase is after shadows.

TWENTY. My chase is after real, tangible substances. I see them, and hope revives, strong and living, within me. Away! cold Doubt! I must have knowledge, respect, and happiness. No obstacles shall hinder me, and no allurements shall entice me, from my way. *My* name shall not be written on the sands: I will link it with lessons of wisdom, and grave them on the eternal rock.

FORTY. Glorious dreams, young man! glorious dreams!

TWENTY. They are sober, waking realities.

FORTY. But since you will not be aroused, I would have no one attempt to break them. Sleep on now, for the day cometh; the clear light of morning will beam on your eyes, dispersing the mists, and then you will see your duties and capabilities through a less distorting medium.

TWENTY. Call it a distorting medium if you like; but if it is the mists that make the world appear so much brighter to me than it does to you, they shall always remain before my eyes.

FORTY. Sweet dreams; but alas! they cannot last! This conversation with you has filled me, even me, with strange desires and indefinite longings. But they are all vain. It is my lot to see and deal with the world as it is, and I must be contented with my little routine of daily toil. And to remain so contented, I must hold no more communion with you.

TWENTY. You are a phantom, as of one in troubled slumber — a lying spirit; and I will never again admit you to my thoughts.

FORTY. You shall be dead to me, and I will bury you out of my sight!

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THOUGHTS AT TRENTON FALLS.

ART thou still the same,  
Or have the lapsing ages stolen away  
Thy primal beauty, or but added more?  
Beautiful stream! did thy clear waters fall  
With the same sound as now, in times remote,  
When first the sunlight shimmered on thy wave,  
Or ere the warbling of a forest bird  
Had echoed through these shades; or did'st thou run  
In level quietness, till thy smooth bed  
Was broken up by the strong hand of Change?  
Or did the sinking Deluge leave thee here,  
To fill this broken gorge?

New-York, Oct., 1843.

R. S. C.

## THE MIDNIGHT DREAM.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

I HAD a vision, love, last eve,  
That thrills my very heart with fear ;  
I could not wish to see thee grieve,  
Or wring from manhood's eye a tear :  
But in this dream, I saw thee weep  
As never man had wept before :  
I would not dream the like, if sleep  
My wearied eyes ne'er shadowed o'er !

Methought I saw thee, bending low  
Above a pale and shrouded form ;  
A wreath of cold December's snow  
Flung out upon the freezing storm  
Hath more of beauty, warmth, and life,  
Than this white piece of marbled earth !  
'How,' thought I, 'have the war and strife  
Of passion in *its* heart had birth ?'

I saw thee raise the snowy shroud  
That veiled the features from my view ;  
I heard thee strangely weep aloud,  
Then slowly recognition grew  
Within my soul ; *my* body lay  
All still and wan before me there,  
Robed for the tomb, while slow decay  
Was painted on the forehead bare !

I saw thee press the icy brow,  
Whilst I revolted at the scene ;  
That lifeless clay I hated now,  
But longed against thy heart to lean.  
But wo unto that gentle heart !  
Had it but deemed my spirit near,  
I felt that agony would start  
The cold and deadly drops of fear.

I thought if spirits thus were freed  
From dust which weighed their pinions down,  
Their destiny were bright indeed,  
If joy unmingled e'er was known.  
But I was chained unto thy side,  
While still this truth seemed strange to me,  
Though ever by thee I should glide,  
I was invisible to thee !

I strove to lift the veil which hides  
The progress of immortal birth ;  
The thin partition that divides  
The world of spirits from the earth ;  
I longed to bear thy spirit up  
To flash around the golden throne,  
But then, stern Death's embittered cup  
Must first be drained by every one !

Yet still I hovered by thy side ;  
 My wings thy very garments brushed,  
 Whilst thou but knew I lived and died,  
 All else within the tomb was hushed.  
 With dreams of earth a sense was blent  
 Of some neglect of duty there,  
 And oh ! I thought my punishment  
 Was greater far than I could bear !

How oft I heard thee breathe my name  
 In tearful accents, sad and low,  
 Then suddenly thy voice exclaim,  
 ' A ministering angel thou !'  
 Still swaying thus from sphere to sphere,  
 My spirit knew nor peace nor rest,  
 Till daylight broke that vision drear,  
 And saw me weeping on thy breast !

*Cincinnati, 1843.*

## THE VENUS OF ILLE.

RENDERED FROM THE FRENCH OF P. MERIMEE BY THE TRANSLATOR OF 'THE GALLEY SLAVE.'

BY JOHN HUNTER.

AFTER a long day's journey, I descended the last of the Canigou mountains, and although it was now past sunset, I distinguished in the plain beneath me the houses of the little village of Ille, toward which I was now directing my course.

'You know,' said I to the Catalonian who acted as my guide, 'you know, I dare say, where Monsieur Peyrade lives?'

'Do I know?' exclaimed he, 'I know his house as well as I do my own; and if it was not so dark, I could point it out to you now. It is the handsomest in Ille. Ah! he has got the money, Monsieur Peyrade has; and he is going to marry his son to one richer than himself.'

'Indeed! and will this marriage take place soon?' asked I.

'Soon! I'll be sworn the fiddles are already engaged for the wedding. It may be to-night, to-morrow, or the day after, for aught that I know. It will take place at Puygarey, for it is Mam'selle de Puygarey, whom young master is going to marry. Ah! there will be fine doings, I can tell you!'

I had a letter of introduction to Monsieur Peyrade from my friend Monsieur de P—. 'This gentleman,' said he to me, 'is a very learned antiquary, extremely hospitable, and will take great pleasure in showing you all the ruins and relics of art for a dozen leagues around.' I had consequently counted upon him, to visit with me the environs of Ille, which I knew to be rich in ancient monuments, as well as those of the middle ages. This wedding, therefore, of which I now heard for the first time, seemed likely to interfere with my plans.

'I shall be an intruder,' said I to myself; 'but as my visit has been already announced by Monsieur de P——, it will be necessary for me to present myself.'

'Monsieur,' said my guide to me, as we reached the plain, 'I will wager a cigar I can guess what you are going to do at Monsieur Peyrade's.'

'Indeed,' said I, handing him a cigar, 'that will not be so very difficult to guess. At this time of night, when one has travelled six leagues in the Canigou mountains, the principal business I think will be supper.'

'Oh yes, but I mean to-morrow. Come now, I will bet that you have come to Ille to see the idol. I guessed as much when I saw you drawing the likenesses of the saints of Serrabona.'

'The idol! what idol?' the word had excited my curiosity.

'How! have you not heard at Perpignan, that Monsieur Peyrade has found an idol buried in the ground?'

'You mean a statue of terra-cotta, or clay?'

'No, no, of copper, real copper, and there is enough of it to make heaps of sous. She will weigh as much as the big bell of a church. We found her buried deep in the ground, at the foot of an olive tree.'

'You were then present at the discovery?'

'Yes Sir; Monsieur Peyrade told us — that is Jean Coll and me, about a fortnight ago — to root up an old olive tree, which had been frozen last year, for the weather you know was very cold. So you see as we were at work, Jean Coll, who went at it with all his might, gave a blow with his pickaxe, and I heard a *bimm*, as if he had struck on a bell. What's that? said I. We dug away, and dug away, and presently saw a black hand, which looked like the hand of a dead man, stretching forth from the earth. I was frightened, and ran to Monsieur: 'There are dead men, master,' said I, 'under the olive tree! We had better send for the priest!' 'What, are you talking about dead men?' said he. He comes to the place, and no sooner sees the hand than he begins to cry out like mad, 'An antique! an antique!' You would have thought he had found a treasure. And so to work he goes with pickaxe and hands, and with such a hearty will that he did as much as Jean and I together.'

'And at last what did you find?'

'A large black woman, more than half naked, saving your presence, Sir, all of copper; and Monsieur Peyrade told us that it was an idol of the heathenish times — of the time of Charlemagne, may be!'

'Ah! I see what it is; some good virgin in bronze from a ruined convent.'

'A good virgin! ah! yes indeed. I should have known it soon enough, had it been a blessed virgin. No, no; it is an idol, I tell you; you can see that well enough by its looks. It stares upon you with its great white eyes. They say it will stare you out of countenance. One is forced to cast down his eyes when he looks at it.'



'White eyes? no doubt they are inserted in the bronze; this must be some Roman statue.'

'Roman! that's it; Monsieur Peyrade said it was a Roman. Ah! I see you are a learned man; just such another as he.'

'Is it in good preservation? perfect?'

'Oh yes, Sir, nothing is wanting. It is handsomer, and better made than the bust of Louis Philippe of painted plaster, which stands in the town-hall. But for all this, the face of this idol does not please me. She has got a wicked look; and in fact, she is so.'

'Wicked? why what trick has she played you?'

'Not exactly on me; but you shall hear. Four of us went to work to set her upright; and Monsieur Peyrade, he too must pull at a rope, although, worthy man! he has n't much more strength than a chicken. With a good deal of trouble we at last got her straight up. I took a piece of tile to keep her steady, when *patratas!* down she comes headlong, all in a heap. I sung out: 'Take care below!' but not quick enough, however, for Jean Coll had n't time to pull out his leg.'

'And was he injured?'

'Broken smack off was his poor leg, as if it had been a bean-pole. Sacristi! when I saw that, I was furious. I wanted to break the idol to pieces with my pickaxe, but Monsieur Peyrade would n't let me. He gave some money to Jean Coll, who is still in his bed, though it is a fortnight since this happened; and the doctor says he will never walk as well on this leg as on the other. 'Tis a great pity, for he was our best runner, and, next to young master, the best tennis-player in the country. Monsieur Alphonse Peyrade takes it very much to heart, for he always played with Coll. Oh! it was a beautiful sight to see them send the balls up! *Paff—paff*—they never touched the ground.'

Conversing in this manner, we entered Ille, and I soon found myself in the presence of Monsieur Peyrade. He was a little old man, still ruddy and active, with powdered hair, a red nose, and a gay and jovial air. Before opening the letter of Monsieur de P——, he installed me at a well-spread table, and introduced me to his wife and son, as an eminent archeologist who was going to draw forth Roussillon from the state of oblivion in which the indifference of the savans had so long left it.

While eating with that fine appetite which the keen mountain air imparts, I studied the appearance of my hosts. I have already spoken of Monsieur Peyrade; I may add that he was vivacity itself. He chattered, ate, jumped up, ran to the library, brought me books, showed me prints, poured out wine for me; in short, he was not a moment in repose. His wife, who, as most of the Catalonian women are after the age of forty, was rather fat, and seemed to be a substantial country dame, wholly taken up with the affairs of her household. Although the supper was sufficient for at least six persons, she ran to the kitchen, ordered pigeons to be killed, had fritters made, and opened I know not how many pots of sweet-meats. In a few moments the table was loaded with dishes and

bottles, and had I only tasted all that was offered me, I should certainly have died of indigestion. Still, at every dish which I declined, there were fresh apologies. They were 'afraid I did not find things to my liking at Ille. They had so few resources in the country, and Parisians were so hard to please!'

During all this bustle and turmoil, and running to and fro of his progenitors, Monsieur Alphonse Peyrade remained motionless as a post. He was a tall young man, of about six-and-twenty, with handsome, regular features, but totally devoid of expression. His figure and athletic appearance accorded well with the reputation he bore throughout the country, of being a first rate tennis-player. He was dressed this evening in an elegant manner, his clothes being made to resemble exactly the engravings of the last number of the *Journal of Fashion*. But he did not seem to be at ease in his dress. He was as stiff as a pike-staff in his velvet collar, and when he turned his head, it was only by a movement of his whole body. His large sun-burnt hands with their short nails contrasted strangely with his costly coat; they were the hands of a laborer issuing from the sleeves of a dandy.

Although he examined me from head to foot, with great curiosity, which my character as a Parisian had probably excited, he addressed to me but a single question during the whole evening; which was to ask, where I had bought my watch-chain.

'And now, my dear guest,' said Monsieur Peyrade to me, as supper drew to a close, 'you are in my house, and are my property; and I shall not let you go until you have seen all the curiosities of our mountains. You must take some pains to get acquainted with our Roussillon, so as to do her full justice. You must have no doubts about the things we are going to show you. There are Phenician, Celtic, Roman, Arabic, Bysantian monuments; you shall see them all, from the cedar to the hyssop. I will take you every where, and not a brick shall escape you.'

A fit of coughing here forced the old gentleman to pause; taking advantage of which, I began to express to him my regret at intruding upon his family circle at such an interesting period.

'If you will only give me your excellent advice,' said I, 'touching the excursions I propose making, I will not put you to the trouble of accompanying me.'

'Ah!' said he, interrupting me, 'you mean the marriage of that boy there. This is but a trifle; it will take place the day after to-morrow. You must be present at the wedding with us, in a quiet family way; for the intended bride is in mourning for an aunt, whose property she inherits. So we are to have no merry-making, no ball. This is a great pity. You ought to see our Catalonian girls dance. They are buxom lasses, and perhaps some of them might induce you to follow the example of my Alphonse. One marriage, they say, leads to others. On Saturday, the young folks wedded, I shall be at liberty, and then we will commence our rambles. But I beg pardon for wearying you with this country wedding; you a Parisian, tired of city gayeties and festivities: and

a wedding without even a ball! However, you will see a bride; and such a bride! you must tell me what you think of her. But you are so grave and sedate a man, that perhaps you do not look at the women. But I have something better than this to show you; I will let you see something to-morrow! A grand surprise will you have, I promise you.'

'Indeed,' said I, 'but it is a difficult matter to have a treasure in one's house, without people being aware of it. I suspect I can guess what it is you have in store for me. If it is your statue to which you allude, the description my guide gave me of it has only served to excite my curiosity, and prepared me to admire it.'

'Ah! you have then heard about the idol, as they call my beautiful Venus Tur—— But I must say no more at present. To-morrow in broad daylight you shall see her, and you will then say whether I have not reason to be proud of such a master-piece. Parbleu! you could not have arrived more opportunely. There are inscriptions upon it, which I, poor ignoramus, explain after my own fashion; but a savant from Paris! You will perhaps laugh at my explanations: for you must know that I have drawn up a paper on the subject. Yes, even I, old country antiquary as I am, have launched into it. I shall make the press groan. If you, now, would read and correct my memoir for me, I should have some hopes. For instance, I am very curious to know how you would translate this inscription on the pedestal? *CAVE——* But I must not ask any thing of you now. To-morrow! to-morrow! Not a word of the Venus to-night.'

'You will do well, Peyrade,' said his wife, 'to leave your idol alone for the present. You must see that you are preventing Monsieur from eating his supper. Besides, Monsieur has seen at Paris a great many handsomer statues than thine. At the Tuilleries there are dozens of them, and all of bronze too.'

'Here is ignorance for you! the blessed ignorance of the province!' interrupted Monsieur Peyrade. 'To compare an admirable antique with the foolish images of Costou! 'With what irreverence do my household speak of the gods!' Do you know that my wife wishes me to melt my statue, and run it into a bell for the church! The good dame would like to stand godmother to it. A master-piece of Myron, Sir.'

'Master-piece! master-piece! a pretty master-piece she has made of it! To break a man's leg!'

'Look you here, my wife,' said Monsieur Peyrade, in a resolute tone, and stretching toward her his right leg encased in silken hose, 'if my Venus had broken this leg, I should not have grieved for it.'

'Good heavens! Peyrade, how can you talk so? Luckily the man is doing well; but still I cannot take pleasure in looking at a statue, which causes such misfortunes. Poor Jean Coll!'

'Wounded by Venus, Sir,' said Monsieur Peyrade, bursting into a loud laugh, 'wounded by Venus; the rogue may well complain: *'Veneris, nec prœmia noris;'* who has not been wounded by Venus?'

Monsieur Alphonse, who understood French better than Latin, gave a knowing wink, and looked toward me, as much as to say: 'Do you understand that, Parisian?'

The supper at length was finished. I had not been able to eat a mouthful for the last hour. I was extremely fatigued, and could not conceal the frequent yawns which escaped me. Madame Peyrade was the first to perceive them, and observed that it was time to go to bed. Then commenced new apologies for the poor night's lodging I would have. It would not be as at Paris. In the provinces one is so badly provided, I must make allowances for the Roussillon fare. In vain I protested that after a long journey in the mountains a bundle of straw would be a delightful bed; they persisted in begging me to pardon poor country folks, if they did not treat me as well as they wished. At length I ascended to the chamber allotted me, accompanied by Monsieur Peyrade. The staircase, the upper steps of which were of wood, terminated in the middle of a corridor, upon which a number of apartments opened.

'On the right,' said my host to me, 'is the room I have appropriated to Madame Alphonse, that is to be. Your chamber is at the opposite end of the corridor. You know,' added he, with an air which was meant to be facetious, 'you know we must keep the new married couple by themselves. You are at one end of the house, and they are at the other.'

We entered a well-furnished apartment, where the first object which met my eye was a bed about seven feet long, six wide, and so high that it would require a step-ladder to clamber into it. My host having pointed out to me the bell-rope, and satisfied himself that the sugar-basin was replenished, and the bottles of Cologne water, and other appendages of the toilet, duly placed upon the table, and having asked me twenty times over if I wished for any thing more, at length bade me good night and left me alone.

The windows were closed. Before undressing, I opened one, that I might enjoy the cool night air, so delicious after a long supper. Opposite me was the Canigon, at all times striking in appearance, and now illuminated by the beams of a brilliant moon, seeming the most beautiful mountain in the world. I stood for some time gazing upon its picturesque outlines, and was about closing the window, when casting my eyes down, I perceived the statue upon a pedestal, some twenty toises from the house. It was placed at the corner of a quickset hedge, which separated a small garden from a large square perfectly level, which I afterward learned was the tennis-ground of the village. This piece of land, the property of Monsieur Peyrade, had been thrown open to the public by him, at the urgent solicitation of his son. At the distance at which I stood, it was difficult to distinguish the attitude of the statue. I could only judge of its height, which seemed about six feet. Just at this moment, two idlers of the village passed across the play-ground, pretty near the hedge, whistling the pretty air of Roussillon *montagnes regalades*. They stopped to look at the statue, and one of them apostrophized

it aloud. He spoke the Catalonian dialect, but I had been long enough in Roussillon to comprehend nearly all he said.

'Ah! there you are, you slut! (the Catalonian epithet was more energetic) there you are!' said he. 'It was you, then, that broke Jean Coll's leg? If you belonged to me I would break your cursed neck!'

'Bah!' said the other, 'with what? She is made of copper, and so hard that Stephen broke his file trying to make a notch in her. It is copper of the time of the heathens, and harder than any thing I know.'

'If I had my good chisel here, (it seems he was a locksmith's apprentice,) I would soon have out those big white eyes, as I would take an almond from the shell. There's enough silver there to make an hundred sous.'

They proceeded a few paces. 'I must bid the idol good night,' said the larger of the two apprentices, suddenly stopping.

He stooped down and probably picked up a stone. I could see him stretch out his arm, throw something, and immediately a ringing sound was heard from the bronze. At the same instant, the apprentice put his hand to his head, uttering a cry of pain.

'She has flung it back at me!' cried he; and the two vagabonds took to flight, as fast as their legs could carry them. It was evident that the stone had rebounded from the metal, and punished the wag for the insult he had offered the goddess.

I closed the window, laughing heartily. 'Here is another Vandal punished by Venus! May all the destroyers of our ancient monuments have their heads broken in the same manner!' With this charitable wish I fell asleep.

When I awoke it was broad day. Near my bed stood on one side Monsieur Peyrade in his morning gown, and on the other a domestic sent by his wife, with a cup of chocolate.

'Come, get up, get up, Parisian! Why, what lazy fellows you of the capital are!' said my host, as I hurried on my clothes. 'This is the third time I have been up here. I approached your door on tiptoe: nobody stirring; not a sign of life. It is bad for the health to sleep too much at your age. And there is my Venus, which you have not seen yet. Come, swallow this cup of chocolate from Barcelona; real contraband. You can't get the like of it at Paris. You will need all your strength, I can tell you; for when you once get before my Venus you will not so easily be drawn away from her.'

In five minutes I was ready; that is to say, half shaven, scarcely buttoned, and with throat scalded by the chocolate, which I had swallowed boiling hot. I descended into the garden, and found myself before an admirable statue.

It was, in truth, a Venus, and of a marvellous beauty. She was above the common stature, as the ancients usually represented their principal divinities. The right hand raised to the level of the breast, was turned with the palm inward, the thumb and two first fingers outstretched, the two others slightly bent. The other hand placed near the hip, sustained the drapery which covered the lower part of

the body. The attitude of this statue reminded me of that of the thrower of the discus, which is designated, I know not why, as Germanicus. Possibly the artist wished to represent the goddess playing at that game.

However this might be, it was impossible to conceive any thing more perfect than the figure of this Venus; nothing more soft or more voluptuous than its outlines; nothing more noble or elegant than the drapery. I had expected some production of the middle ages; I saw a master-piece of the best period of statuary. What chiefly struck me was the exquisite truth of its form, so that one might have supposed it modelled from nature, did nature ever produce perfect models.

The hair, turned back from the forehead, appeared to have been formerly gilded. The head, small like those of almost all the Greek statues, was slightly inclined forward. As to the face, I despair of being able to express its strange character, the type of which did not at all resemble that of any ancient statue I remembered. It was not that calm and severe beauty of the Greek sculptors, which imparts by design to all the features a majestic repose. Here, on the contrary, I observed with surprise the evident intention of the artist to express in the countenance malice almost bordering on malignity. All the features were slightly contracted; the eyes a little oblique, the corners of the mouth drawn up, and the nostrils somewhat dilated. Disdain, irony, cruelty, might be read in the countenance, which was still of incredible beauty. Indeed, the more one looked at this admirable statue, the more one experienced a sense of pain that such marvellous beauty should be allied with the absence of all sensibility.

'If her model ever existed,' said I to Monsieur Peyrade, 'and I doubt if heaven ever produced such a woman, how I should pity her lovers! She would have taken pleasure in making them die of despair. There is something ferocious in her expression, and yet I have never seen any thing more beautiful.'

'C'est Venus tout entière à sa proie attachée!' exclaimed Monsieur Peyrade, satisfied with my enthusiasm.

This expression of infernal irony was perhaps increased by the contrast of the silver eyes, which were very brilliant, with the hue of blackish green which time had given to the whole statue. These lustrous eyes produced a certain illusion which almost gave the effect of the reality of life. I recollected what my guide told me, that she made those who looked at her cast down their eyes. This was in fact almost true; and I could not help feeling vexed at finding myself not quite at my ease before this visage of bronze.

'Now that you have admired every thing in detail, my dear colleague in antiquarian lore,' said my host to me, 'let us have, if you please, a little scientific conference. What say you to this inscription, which you have not yet noticed?'

He pointed to the pedestal of the statue, where I read these words:

CAVE AMANTEM.



'What do you say to that, most learned?' demanded he, rubbing his hands. Let us see if we can agree upon the meaning of this *cave amantem*.'

'But,' said I, 'there are two senses in which it may be understood. It may be translated 'Beware of him who loves you; do not trust lovers.' But in this sense I hardly know whether *cave amantem* would be good Latin. On looking at the diabolical expression of the lady, I should rather think the artist wished to put the spectator on his guard against this terrible beauty. I would therefore prefer translating it: 'Take care of yourself, if she loves you.'

'Humph!' said Monsieur Peyrade; 'to be sure that meaning is admissible; but with due deference I prefer the first translation, which however I will develop a little. You remember the lover of Venus?'

'She had a great many.'

'True, but the first one was Vulcan. Now does not this mean to say: 'In spite of all your beauty, and your proud and disdainful looks, you shall have a blacksmith, a miserable lame wretch for a lover.' A profound lesson, Sir, for coquettes!'

I could scarcely repress a smile at this far-fetched explanation.

'This Latin is a terrible language with its conciseness,' observed I, not wishing to contradict more directly the good antiquary; and I stepped back a few paces, that I might have a better view of the statue.

'One moment, colleague!' said Monsieur Peyrade, seizing my arm; 'you have not yet seen all. There is another inscription. Get upon the pedestal, and look at the right arm.'

So saying, he assisted me in climbing up. I put my arm without much ceremony around the neck of the Venus, with whom I began to be on familiar terms. I gazed at her a moment face to face, and found her on a close survey to be still more wicked-looking, and still more beautiful. I then noticed some small characters, apparently of an ancient date, engraven upon the arm. With some difficulty, and by the aid of a magnifying-glass, I spelled as follows; Monsieur Peyrade repeating after me each word as I pronounced it, with strong emphasis and gesticulation:

VENERI TVRBVL . . . .  
EUTYCHES MYRO  
IMPERIO FECIT

After the word TVRBVL of the first line, there appeared to be some letters effaced; but TVRBVL was perfectly legible.

'And what does that mean?' asked my host, chuckling, and smiling maliciously; for he rightly thought that I would not be able to make out this TVRBVL.

'There is one word here that I cannot yet explain,' said I; 'all the rest is easy enough. Eutyches Myron has made this offering to Venus, by her command.'

'Very well. But TVRBVL; what do you make of that? What does TVRBVL mean?'



'Why, TVRBVL puzzles me a good deal; I am trying to recollect some of the appellations of Venus to aid me. Let me see; what do you say to TVRBVLENTA? Venus who troubles, who disturbs? You see I am constantly impressed with her wicked expression. TVRBVLENTA; this is not a bad epithet for Venus;' added I, with an air of deference, for I was not myself very well satisfied with this explanation.

'The turbulent Venus! Venus the virago! Ah! you think then that my Venus is a Venus of the ale-houses. By no means, Sir; she is a Venus of good society. But I am going to explain to you this TVRBVL . . . . You must, however, promise not to divulge my discovery before my memoir is published; because you must know that I take some little credit to myself for this investigation. It is but fair that you gentlemen savans of Paris, who are so rich in the spoils of antiquity, should leave a few ears to be gleaned by us poor devils of the provinces.'

From the top of the pedestal, on which I still remained perched, I solemnly promised him that I would never be so base as to steal his discovery.

'For TVRBVL . . . ., Sir,' said he, coming close to me, and lowering his voice for fear any one else should hear him, 'read TVRBVLNERÆ.'

I was not a whit wiser than before.

'Listen to me,' continued he; 'about a league from hence, at the foot of a mountain, there is a village called Boulternère. This is a corruption of the Latin word TVRBVLNERA. Nothing is more common than these inversions. Boulternère, Sir, was a Roman city. I have always had my suspicions of this, but never had the proof. Now, Sir, there is the proof. This Venus was the local divinity of the city of Boulternère. And this word Boulternère, which I am going to show is of ancient origin, proves a still more curious fact, which is that Boulternère, before it was a Roman city, was a Phenician town!'

He stopped a moment to take breath, and enjoy my surprise. I could scarcely repress a strong inclination to laugh.

'In fact,' continued he, 'TVRBVLNERA is pure Phenician. TVR, pronounce TOUR; TOUR and SOUR, the same word, is it not? SOUR is the Phenician name of Tyre; I need not recall to you its meaning. BVL, this is Baal, Bal, Bel, Bul, with slight differences of pronunciation. As to NERA, this has given me some little trouble. I am strongly inclined to believe, in default of finding a Phenician word, that this comes from the Greek *nerós*, humid, marshy. This, it is true, would make it a hybrid word. To justify *nerós*, however, I will show you at Boulternère how the streams from the mountain form stagnant pools there. On the other hand, the termination NERA might have been added at a much later date, in honor of Nera Pivesuvia, the wife of Tetricus, who probably had conferred some benefit upon the city of Turbul. But, in consequence of the marshes, I prefer the etymology of *nerós*.'

My worthy friend here took a pinch of snuff, with an air of great satisfaction.

‘But let us leave the Phenicians, and return to our inscription. I translate it then: ‘To Venus of Boulternère, Myron, by her command, dedicates this statue, his work.’

I took good care not to criticise my learned friend’s etymology, but wishing to give in my turn a proof of penetration: ‘Hold there, Sir!’ said I; ‘allowing that Myron has dedicated something, it does not follow that it is this statue.’

‘How!’ cried he, ‘was not Myron a famous Greek? Talent would be perpetuated in his family; and it was one of his descendants who made this statue. Nothing can be more certain.’

‘But,’ replied I, ‘I see upon the arm a small hole; this, I think, has served to support something; a bracelet, for instance, which this Myron has given to Venus as an expiatory offering. Myron was some unfortunate lover with whom Venus was angry, and he endeavored to appease her by the offering of a golden bracelet. You must remember that *fecit*, made, is often used for *consecravit*, dedicated. They are, indeed, synonymous words; and I could give you more than one example, had I Gruter, or rather Orelus at hand. Nothing is more natural than that a lover should see Venus in a dream, and imagine that she commanded him to give a golden bracelet to her statue. Myron dedicated a bracelet to her. Afterward the barbarians, or perhaps some sacrilegious robber’ —

‘Ah! ha! one may easily see that you have written romances;’ cried my host, giving me his hand to assist me in descending. ‘No, no; Sir, it is a production of the school of Myron. Only look at the workmanship, and you must be convinced of it.’

As I make it a rule never to contradict an obstinate antiquary, I bowed with an air of conviction, and merely observed: ‘It is indeed an admirable piece of work.’

‘Ah! mon Dieu!’ cried Monsieur Peyrade, ‘here is another piece of Vandalism! Somebody has thrown a stone at my statue!’

He had just perceived a white mark a little below the bosom of the Venus. I had noticed a similar appearance upon the fingers of the right hand, which I supposed had been grazed by the stone thrown at her the preceding evening, or more probably a fragment had been detached by the concussion, and had glanced off from the hand. I related to my host the insult of which I had been the witness, and the prompt punishment which followed. He laughed heartily, and comparing the apprentice to Diomedes, wished that, like the Greek hero, he might see all his companions changed into white birds.

The breakfast bell here interrupted our classic conference; and, as on the previous evening, I was again compelled to eat the share of four. Then came the farmers of Monsieur Peyrade; and while he gave them audience, his son took me to see a new carriage which he had lately bought at Toulouse for his intended bride. I admired it in silence, and then accompanied him to the stables, where he kept me half an hour, boasting of his horses, relating their pedigree, and telling me how many prizes they had won at the neighboring

paces. At length, by a transition from a gray palfrey which he intended for her use, he was led to speak of his future wife.

'We shall see her to-day,' said he. 'I do n't know whether you will think her pretty or not. You Parisians are hard to please; but every body here and at Perpignan think her beautiful. But the best of it is, she is deuced rich. Her old aunt at Prades, who died the other day, left her all her money; and no trifle either. Do n't you think I am a lucky dog?'

I was grieved to see the young man so much more affected by the dower than by the amiable qualities of his future wife.

'Are you a judge of jewels?' continued Monsieur Alphonse, holding up his brawny hand; 'how do you like this? Here is the ring I am going to give her to-morrow.'

So saying, he drew from the first joint of his little finger a large ring set with diamonds, in the form of two hands clasped together; a pretty allusion, which seemed quite poetical. The workmanship was very ancient, but appeared to have been lately retouched, to let in the diamonds. On the inner side of the ring were these words in Gothic characters: '*Sempr' al te*,' that is, 'Always with thee.'

'It is a very beautiful ring,' said I; 'but these diamonds which have been added seem to have destroyed its character a little.'

'Oh! it is much handsomer as it is,' replied he, smiling. 'There is twelve hundred francs' worth of diamonds there. My mother gave it to me. It was a family ring; very ancient, of the time of chivalry. She got it from my grandmother, who had it from her's. The Lord knows when it was made.'

'It is the custom in Paris, on these occasions,' said I, 'to give a ring that is entirely plain, usually composed of two different metals, such as gold and platinum. Look, the other ring, which you have on this finger, would be more appropriate. This one with the diamonds, and the hands in relief, is so large that a glove cannot be worn over it.'

'Oh! Madame Alphonse must manage that as she pleases. I think she will be very well content to have it as it is. Twelve hundred francs on one's finger is not so bad. This little ring here,' added he, regarding the plain ring on his left hand with an air of complacency, 'was given me by a lady at Paris one Shrove-Tuesday. Ah!' added he, with a sigh of regret, 'what fine times I had in Paris two years ago! That's the place for sport.'

As we were to dine this day at Puygarey, with the relatives of the future bride, we proceeded in a carriage to the chateau, which was about a league and a half distant from Ille. I was introduced and welcomed as a friend of the family. I shall not speak of the dinner, nor of the conversation which ensued, in which I took but little part.

Mademoiselle de Puygarey was about eighteen years of age; and her slender and delicate figure formed a strong contrast with the coarse and robust frame of her affianced. She was not merely beautiful, but winning and attractive. I admired the perfect simplicity of all her movements, and the ingenuousness of her replies;

and the general expression of her countenance, which was not exempt from a slight tinge of malice, reminded me, in spite of myself, of the Venus of my host. In the inward comparison I made between them, I asked myself whether the superiority of beauty, which must clearly be conceded to the statue, did not in some degree depend upon her fierce and tiger-like expression; for energy, even in bad passions, always excites, mingled with astonishment, a sort of involuntary admiration.

‘What a pity,’ said I to myself on leaving Puygarey, ‘that the wealth of so lovely a person should have rendered her the object of attraction to a man totally unworthy of her!’

On our return to Ille, not exactly knowing what to say to Madame Peyrade, to whom I thought it but civil occasionally to address a word: ‘You are sensible people at Roussillon,’ said I; ‘how happens it that you are going to have a wedding on a Friday? At Paris we should be more superstitious; nobody would dare to marry on that day.’

‘Oh! good Lord! do n’t speak of it,’ said she; ‘if it had depended upon me, you may be sure I should have chosen another day. But Peyrade would have it so; and we had to give up to him. It troubles me, however, a good deal. Suppose some misfortune should happen? There must be some truth in the superstition, since every body has a dread of Friday.’

‘Friday!’ exclaimed her husband, in a gay tone; ‘it is the day of Venus! An excellent day for a wedding! You see, my dear colleague, I can think of nothing but my Venus. To tell the truth, it is on her account that I have pitched upon Friday. To-morrow, if you please, before the ceremony, we will make a little sacrifice to her; two ring-doves as an offering, and if I knew where to get a little incense;——

‘Fie upon you, Peyrade!’ interrupted his wife, highly scandalized at this proposition. ‘Offer incense to an idol! It would be an abomination! Why, what will all the country say of it?’

‘At least,’ said Monsieur Peyrade, ‘you will permit me to place upon her head a crown of roses and lilies:

‘Manibus date lilia plenis.’

You see, Sir,’ added he, turning to me, ‘the charter is but an empty name. We have not the freedom of worship!’

The arrangements for the next day were made as follows: Every one was to be ready, in full dress, at ten o’clock precisely. After taking chocolate, we were to go in carriages to Puygarey, where the civil marriage was to be performed before the mayor of the village, and the religious ceremony in the chapel of the chateau. Then there was to be a breakfast; after which each one was to pass the time as he pleased until seven o’clock, when the two families were to return to Ille to sup together at the house of Monsieur Peyrade. The rest would follow as a matter of course. Not being able to have a dance, it was determined there should be as much eating and drinking as possible.

Since eight o’clock I had been sitting before the Venus, with

crayon in hand, recommencing for the twentieth time the head of the statue, without being able to catch the expression. Monsieur Peyrade was bustling about, giving me advice, and repeating his Phenician etymologies; he then placed a garland of Bengal roses upon the pedestal of the statue, and in a tragi-comic tone addressed prayers to it for the young couple who were about to take up their abode under his roof. About nine o'clock, he reëntered the house to make his toilet, and immediately afterward Monsieur Alphonse made his appearance, squeezed into a new coat of the latest pattern, with white gloves, well polished shoes, embossed buttons, and a rose at his button-hole.

'You must take the likeness of my wife!' said he, leaning over my drawing; 'she is very pretty.'

At this moment a game of tennis commenced upon the playground, of which I have already spoken, which immediately attracted the attention of Monsieur Alphonse. As for myself, wearied with my task, and despairing of catching the diabolical expression of the countenance, I presently gave up my drawing to look at the players. There were among them some Spanish muleteers, who had arrived at Ille the evening before. They were from Arragon and Navarre, and most of them of great skill and dexterity; so that the Illians, although encouraged by the presence and counsel of Monsieur Alphonse, were soon beaten by these new champions. The national spectators were in consternation. Monsieur Alphonse looked at his watch; it was but half past nine; his mother had not yet completed her toilet; he hesitated no longer; threw off his coat, called for a jacket, and challenged the Spaniards.

Not a little surprised, I looked at him with a smile.

'We must sustain the honor of the country,' said he. I now noticed that he was in reality a handsome man. He was excited; and his dress, which occupied so much of his attention at other times, was nothing to him now. A few moments before he would scarcely have turned his head for fear of discomposing his cravat; now he thought no longer of his curled locks, or of his ruffles so neatly plaited. And his bride! in sooth, had it been necessary, I believe he would have postponed the marriage, sooner than have declined the game. I saw him put on in haste a pair of slippers, turn up his sleeves, and with an air of confidence place himself at the head of the conquered party, like Cæsar rallying his soldiers at Dyrrachium. I leaped the hedge, and seated myself comfortably in the shade of a linden tree, that I might see the game to advantage.

Contrary to general expectation, Alphonse missed the first ball. It is true it came glancing along the ground, propelled with surprising force by an Arragonian who seemed to be the leader of the Spaniards. He was a man of about forty years of age, dry and sinewy, six feet in height, and his olive skin had a tint almost as deep as the bronze of the Venus.

Monsieur Alphonse cast his racket upon the ground in a great passion. 'It was this cursed ring,' cried he, 'which cramped my finger, and made me lose a sure ball!'

He took off, though not without some difficulty, his diamond ring. I approached to receive it, but he prevented me, ran to the Venus, passed the ring over the third finger, and resumed his place at the head of the Illians.

He was pale, but calm and resolute. After this, he made not a single mistake, and the Spaniards were completely beaten. It was a fine thing to see the enthusiasm of the spectators. Some uttered shouts of joy, casting their caps into the air. Others shook hands with the conqueror, calling him the pride of the country. Had he repelled a hostile invasion, I do not think he could have received more hearty or sincere congratulations. The chagrin of the conquered party added still more to the eclat of the victory.

'We will have some more games together, my fine fellow,' said he to the Arragonian, with an air of superiority; 'but I must give you odds.'

I could have wished that Alphonse had been a little more modest; and I felt almost pained at the humiliation of his rival.

The Spanish giant seemed to feel this insult deeply. I saw him turn pale beneath his swarthy skin. He looked mournfully at his racket, grinding his teeth, and then in a stifled voice, said: '*Me lo pagarás.*'

The voice of Monsieur Peyrade disturbed the triumph of his son; mine host, who had been very much surprised at not finding him superintending the getting-up of the new carriage, was now still more so at seeing him all in a perspiration, with a racket in his hand. Monsieur Alphonse, however, in haste ran to the house, washed his face and hands, put on his new coat, and his polished shoes, and in ten minutes we were in full trot, on the road to Puygarey. All the Illian tennis-players and a great many of the spectators followed us with cries of joy; and scarcely could the vigorous horses which drew us keep ahead of these intrepid Catalanians.

We arrived at Puygarey, and the marriage train were on the point of proceeding to the town-hall, when Monsieur Alphonse, striking his forehead, said to me in a low voice:

'What a blunder! I have forgotten my ring! It is on the finger of the Venus; devil take her! However, say nothing to my mother; perhaps she will not notice it.'

'Could you not send some one back for it?' said I.

'Bah! my servant remained at Ille; and I cannot trust these fellows. Twelve hundred francs' worth of diamonds; 't would be too great a temptation. And beside, what would they think of my forgetfulness? They would run their jokes upon me, and call me the husband of the statue. If it is not stolen — Luckily, however, these rascals are afraid of the statue, and dare not come within arm's length of her. Bah! 't is no matter; this other ring will do.'

The two ceremonies, religious and civil, were performed with suitable pomp; and Mademoiselle de Puygarey received the ring of a Parisian milliner, without suspecting that the bridegroom had made for her the sacrifice of a pledge of love. The party then



seated themselves at table, where they ate, drank, and even sang by turns. I pitied the bride, for the coarse and vulgar jests to which she was exposed. She, however, made the best of her situation, and her embarrassment was neither that of awkwardness nor affection. Possibly courage comes with difficult situations.

At length breakfast terminated, and it was now nearly four o'clock: the men walked out into the park, which was a magnificent one, where they amused themselves with looking at the peasant girls of Puygarey in holyday attire, dancing on the greensward of the chateau. In this manner we whiled away some hours. In the mean time the women crowded around the bride to admire her wedding presents. Afterward, she changed her apparel, and I noticed that she covered her beautiful tresses with a cap, and hat, and feathers, for married women usually lose no time in assuming the dress which custom forbids them to wear as maidens.

It was nearly eight o'clock when all were in readiness to set off on our return to Ille. And then a pathetic scene took place. The aunt of Mademoiselle de Puygarey, who had supplied to her the place of a mother, a very aged and pious lady, was not able to accompany us to the city. At the leave-taking, she made to her niece a long and touching speech on the duties of a wife, which produced a torrent of tears, and kisses, and embracings without end. Monsieur Peyrade compared this separation to the rape of the Sabines. We at length got away, and during the journey, every one attempted to divert the bride, and make her smile, but in vain.

At Ille, supper was waiting for us, and such a supper! If the coarse jollification of the morning had shocked me, still more so now, did the vulgar jests and rude jokes of which the bride and groom were especially the subjects. The bridegroom, who had disappeared for a few moments before seating himself at table, looked pale and haggard. He drank freely every few moments, of the old wine of Collioure, which was almost as strong as brandy. As I was seated by his side, I thought proper to caution him.

'Be careful!' said I; 'they say that wine' — I hardly know what foolish speech, in accordance with the tone of the company, I was about making, when he touched my knee, and in an under tone, whispered:

'When they get up from table, let me speak two words with you.'

His solemn manner surprised me. I looked at him more attentively, and remarked a strange alteration in his countenance.

'Do you feel indisposed?' inquired I.

'No!' and he began again to drink.

Presently, amidst shouts and clapping of hands, a child of about eleven years of age, who had slipped under the table, held up before the company a pretty riband of white and red, which he had just detached from the dress of the bride. They called it her garter. It was immediately cut in pieces, and distributed among the young men, who ornamented their button-holes with it, after an old custom which is still observed in some patriarchal families.



This made the bride blush to her eyes. But her confusion was at its height, when Monsieur Peyrade, having proclaimed silence, sang to her some Catalonian verses, which, as he said, were impromptu. Their meaning, as nearly as I could comprehend them, were as follows :

‘What is the meaning of this, my friends?  
Does the wine cause me to see double?  
There are two Venus’s here’ —

At this, the bridegroom suddenly turned his head with an air of affright, which set all the guests a laughing. ‘Yes, my friends,’ continued Monsieur Peyrade :

‘There are two Venus’s beneath my roof.  
The one I found in the earth like a truffle;  
The other, heaven-descended, comes to share with us her girdle.’

He wished to say, ‘her garter.’

‘My son take which you like the best;  
The Roman, or the Catalonian Venus.  
The rogue chooses the Catalan, and his choice is good.  
The Roman is black, the Catalan is fair.  
The Roman is cold, the Catalan inflames the hearts of all who approach her.’

This sally excited a hurrah so loud, and shouts of applause, and laughter so obstreperous, that I thought the ceiling would have fallen upon the table. There were but three serious faces present: those of the newly-married pair, and my own. I had a violent headache; and beside, I know not why, a marriage always makes me feel sad. This one, moreover, was not to my taste.

Some concluding couplets having been sung by the deputy magistrate, which, I must say, were quite clever, we passed into the hall to witness the departure of the bride, who, as it now drew near midnight, was soon to be conducted to her chamber. At this moment, Monsieur Alphonse drew me into the recess of a window, and with averted eyes said :

‘I know you will laugh at me; but I don’t know what is the matter; I am bewitched! The devil’s got me!’

My first thought was, that he imagined himself threatened with some such malady as those of which Montaigne and Madame de Sévigné speak :

‘Tout l’empire amoureux est plein d’histoires tragiques,’ etc. I remembered, however, that these accidents only befel men of wit.

‘You have drank too freely of the Collioure wine, my dear Monsieur Alphonse,’ said I. ‘You remember I cautioned you against it.’

‘Yes, may be so,’ replied he, in a lamentable voice; ‘but this is something much more dreadful.’

He spoke in broken accents, and I thought him completely tipsy.

‘You remember my ring?’ continued he, after a few moments’ silence.

‘What of it? Has any one stolen it?’

‘No.’

‘Well, then, have you got it?’

‘No. I—I cannot get it off the finger of this devil of a Venus.’

‘Indeed! you did not pull hard enough.’

‘Yes I did; but the Venus—she has shut her finger!’

He looked fixedly at me with a haggard expression, and leaned against the casement for support.

‘What a story is this!’ said I: ‘you have pushed the ring on too far. To-morrow you can get it off with pincers; but you must be careful not to injure the statue.’

‘No! no! I tell you, the finger of the Venus is bent, closed; she shuts her hand; do you understand me? She is my wife, doubtless, since I have given her my ring. She will not give it back.’

For an instant, I experienced a sudden chill, and my flesh seemed to creep upon me. But a long-drawn sigh, which he gave, sent a puff of wine into my face, and all emotion vanished. ‘The miserable wretch,’ thought I, ‘is completely drunk.’

‘You are a learned man, Sir,’ added the poor fellow, in a deplorable tone; ‘you know all about this sort of statues; may be there is some power, some deviltry, which I do not understand. If you would go and see!’

‘Willingly,’ said I; ‘come along with me.’

‘No; I had rather you would go alone.’

I left the hall: the weather had changed during supper, and the rain was beginning to fall with violence. I was about asking for an umbrella, when a sudden thought stopped me. ‘I shall make a great fool of myself by going to see if what this drunken fellow has told me, is true. And beside, it is possible he wishes to play some trick upon me, to set these honest country folks a-laughing, and the least that I can get off for will be a good soaking, and an attack of rheumatism.’

I cast from the door a glance toward the statue, which was dripping with water, and then ascended to my chamber, without reëntering the hall. I went to bed, but could not get asleep. All the scenes of the past day were present to my mind. I thought upon this young girl, so beautiful and so pure, abandoned to a brutal drunkard. ‘What a detestable thing,’ said I to myself, ‘is a marriage of convenience!’ A magistrate puts on a tri-colored scarf, a priest a stole, and here is one of the finest girls in the world given up to a minotaur! What can two beings who do not love each other have to say at a moment like this, which two real lovers would purchase at the price of their existence? Can a woman ever love a man whom she has once seen make a beast of himself? First impressions are never effaced, and I am sure this Monsieur Alphonse deserves to be hated.’

During my monologue, which I have here much abridged, I heard a great deal of walking to and fro through the house, doors opening and shutting, and carriages leaving: then I seemed to hear upon the staircase the light footsteps of a number of women which were directed toward the end of the corridor opposite my chamber. They were probably the attendants of the bride, whom they were conducting to the bridal chamber. At length they all re-descended

the staircase. The door of Madame Peyrade was closed. 'How troubled and sad must this poor girl now feel!' thought I, as I turned myself upon my bed in not the best of humors. A bachelor plays but a sorry part in a house where a wedding is taking place.

Silence reigned for some time, when it was interrupted by heavy footsteps which ascended the stairs. The steps of wood creaked loudly.

'What a booby!' exclaimed I. 'Ten to one, he will fall down the stairs.'

All became tranquil. I took up a book to change the current of my thoughts. It was a statistical work of the department, enriched by a memoir of Monsieur Peyrade upon the Druidical monuments of the district of Prades. I fell asleep at the third page.

I slept badly and awoke a number of times. It might be about five o'clock in the morning, and I had been awake more than twenty minutes, when a cock crew. Day was about breaking. At this moment I distinctly heard the same heavy footsteps, the same creaking of the stairs which I had heard before I went to sleep. It seemed strange. I tried, while yawning, to divine why Monsieur Alphonse should get up so early. I could imagine nothing that seemed probable. I was about closing my eyes, when my attention was again excited by a strange trampling of feet, with which was presently mingled the ringing of bells, and the noise of doors loudly opened; I then distinguished confused outcries.

'My drunken friend has set fire to something!' thought I, as I leaped from my bed.

I dressed myself quickly and went out into the corridor. Cries and lamentations proceeded from the opposite extremity, and a piercing voice was heard above all the others, exclaiming, 'My son! my son!' It was evident that some accident had happened to Monsieur Alphonse. I ran to the bridal chamber; it was full of persons. The first object which met my eyes was the young man half dressed, stretched across the bed, the frame work of which was broken. He was livid and motionless. His mother was weeping and uttering wild shrieks at his side. Monsieur Peyrade in extreme agitation, was rubbing his temples with cologne water, and putting salts to his nostrils. Alas! his son had been for some time dead. On a couch, at the other end of the room, lay the bride in strong convulsions. She uttered inarticulate cries, and two stout maid-servants could scarcely hold her.

'Good God!' cried I, 'what has happened?' I approached the bed, and raised the body of the unfortunate young man; he was already cold and stiff. The set teeth and blackened face expressed the most horrible agony. It was evident that his death had been violent, and that he had suffered terribly. No traces of blood, however, were to be found on his clothes. I drew aside his shirt, and perceived upon the breast a livid mark, which extended around the sides and back. One would have said that he had been enclosed within a circle of fire. My foot touched something hard

which lay upon the carpet; I stooped down and found it was the diamond ring.

I led Monsieur Peyrade and his wife to their own chamber, to which I afterward caused the bride to be conveyed. 'You have still a daughter,' said I to them; 'she requires all your care.' I then left them alone.

I had no doubt that Monsieur Alphonse had been the victim of an assassination, the perpetrators of which had found means to introduce themselves by night, into the bridal chamber. The bruises upon the breast, and their circular direction embarrassed me a good deal, for a club or bar of iron would not have produced them. Suddenly, I remembered to have heard that at Valencia the bravos are in the habit of using long sacks of leather filled with fine sand, for the purpose of putting to death those for whose murder they have been paid. I immediately recalled to mind the Arragonian muleteer and his threat; although I could scarcely believe that a few random words would have instigated him to so terrible a revenge.

I went throughout the house, seeking all over for traces of a breaking in, but could find none. I then went into the garden to see if the assassins had got in on that side, but could perceive no certain traces. The rain of the preceding evening had besides so softened the ground that it would not well retain an impression. I observed, however, some footprints deeply indented in the soil; they seemed to be in contrary directions but on the same line, leading from the angle of the hedge adjoining the tennis-ground, and terminating at the door of the house. They might have been the steps of Alphonse when he went to look for his ring upon the finger of the statue; or, the hedge being less closely planted at this place than elsewhere, it might have been here that the murderers had effected their entrance. As I passed to and fro before the statue, I stopped a moment to look at it, and I must confess I could not on this occasion behold its expression of ironical wickedness without a sense of dread; and, my head filled with the scene of horror I had just witnessed, I seemed to gaze upon an infernal deity mocking at the calamity which had befallen the house.

I returned to my room, where I remained until mid-day: I then came forth and made inquiries about my hosts. They were a little more composed. Mademoiselle de Puygarey, I should say the widow of Monsieur Alphonse, had recovered her senses. She had even had an interview with the king's attorney of Perpignan, then on circuit at Ile; and this magistrate had received her deposition. He requested mine. I told him all I knew of the melancholy affair, and did not conceal my suspicions of the Arragonian muleteer; for whose arrest he gave immediate directions.

'Have you learned any thing from Madame Alphonse?' said I to the magistrate, after my deposition had been taken down, and signed.

'The poor young creature has become completely deranged,' answered he, with a mournful smile. 'Crazy! completely crazy! Her strange story is as follows:

'She had been in bed,' she says, 'a few minutes, the curtains drawn, and every thing silent, when the room door opened, and some one entered. Madame Alphonse was then lying on the farther side of the bed with her face toward the wall. She made no movement, thinking it was her husband. In an instant the bed creaked loudly, as if it had received an enormous weight. She was greatly terrified, but dared not turn her head. Five, ten minutes perhaps—for she could form no idea of time—passed in this manner. She then made an involuntary movement, or it might have been the person in bed who made one, and she felt something in contact with her as cold as ice. These are her expressions. She buried herself beneath the bed-clothes, and trembled from head to foot. Shortly afterward, the door opened a second time, and some one entered, who said: 'Good evening my little wife.' Presently, the curtains were withdrawn, and she heard a struggle and a stifled cry. The figure in bed beside her seemed to raise itself to a sitting posture, and to stretch its arms forward. She then turned her head and saw, as she says, her husband on his knees upon the bed, his head as high as the pillow, in the arms of a sort of greenish-colored giant, who embraced him with great force. She says, and the poor creature has repeated it to me at least twenty times—she says, that she recognized—can you guess what?—the bronze Venus; the statue of Monsieur Peyrade! Since this piece of sculpture has been here, every body, I think, has gone mad. But I am merely repeating the narration of the unhappy lunatic. At this spectacle, she became senseless, and probably for some moments lost her reason. How long she remained in this swoon she can form no idea. When she came to herself, she again saw the phantom, or the statue, as she persists in calling it, immovable, the lower part of the body in bed, the bust and arms extended forward; and between the arms, her husband lifeless and motionless. A cock crowed; on which the statue got out of bed, let fall the dead body, and departed. Madame Alphonse pulled the night-bell, and you know what followed.'

They brought in the Spaniard; he was composed, and defended himself with much coolness and presence of mind. He did not deny the speech I had overheard, but explained it, by saying that he only meant that on the morrow, when he was rested, he would beat his antagonist a game of tennis. I remember, that he added, 'An Arragonian, when insulted, does not wait until the next day for revenge: had I thought Monsieur Alphonse meant to insult me, he would have had my knife in his body on the spot.'

They compared his shoes with the print of the footsteps in the garden; the shoes were much larger. Beside this, the innkeeper with whom the man lodged, testified that he had passed the whole of the night in rubbing and giving medicines to one of his mules that was sick. It was also proved that this Arragonian was a man of good character, and well known in the neighborhood around, which he visited every year for purposes of traffic. He was accordingly released, with an apology for his detention.

I had almost forgotten the testimony of a domestic, who was the

last person that saw Monsieur Alphonse alive. At the moment he was about going to his wife's chamber, he called to this man, and in an agitated manner, asked him if he knew where I was. The domestic replied that he had not seen me; upon which Monsieur Alphonse gave a heavy sigh, and remained for more than a minute without speaking; he then exclaimed, wildly: '*Come on, then! the devil must have carried him off too!*'

I asked this man if Monsieur Alphonse had on his diamond ring when he spoke to him. The domestic paused before replying: he at length said, that he believed not; but that he had not paid particular attention. 'But,' added he, correcting himself, 'if the ring had been on his finger, I should doubtless have noticed it, for I believed that he had given it to Madame Alphonse.'

While questioning this man, I felt a little of the superstitious terror which the deposition of Madame Alphonse had spread through the house, creeping over me; but observing the king's attorney looking at me with a smile of peculiar meaning, I refrained from farther inquiry.

A few hours after the funeral rites of Monsieur Alphonse, which so closely succeeded those of his marriage, had been performed, I made my arrangements to quit Ille. The carriage of Monsieur Peyrade was to convey me to Perpignan. In spite of his feebleness and distress, the poor old man insisted upon accompanying me as far as the garden gate. We walked in silence, he leaning heavily on my arm, and dragging himself along with difficulty. At the moment of our separation, I cast a last look upon the fatal Venus. I well foresaw that my host, though he did not partake of the terror and hatred with which she inspired the greater part of his family, would be very willing to get rid of an object, which incessantly recalled so frightful a calamity. My intention was to persuade him to place it in a museum. As I hesitated about opening the subject, Monsieur Peyrade turned his head mechanically in the direction, toward which he saw me looking so fixedly. He saw the statue, and immediately burst into tears. I embraced him, and without venturing to say a single word, entered the carriage.

Since my departure, I have not learned that any thing has transpired to throw light upon this mysterious catastrophe.

Monsieur Peyrade died a few months after his son. By his will, he bequeathed me his manuscripts, which I may possibly some day publish. I did not, however, find among them the memoir relating to the inscriptions on the Venus.

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P. S. My friend Monsieur de P — has just written to me from Perpignan, informing me that the statue is no longer in existence. After the death of her husband, the first care of Madame Peyrade was to have it cast into a bell, under which new form it now serves the church of Ille. But, added Monsieur de P —, it seems as if bad luck continues to attend the possessors of this bronze. Since this bell has sounded at Ille, the vines have been twice frozen.

## T H E O L D M A N .

## A BALLAD.

THE old dry leaf came circling down,  
On a windy autumn day,  
The leaf all sere, and glazed, and brown,  
On the bleak, bare hill to play;  
And the sky put on its dreariest frown,  
On that windy autumn day.

The heavy clouds went drifting by,  
As gray as gray could be,  
And not a speck of azure sky  
Could the worn-out wanderer see;  
That dark, stern man, low crouching by  
The gnarled old oak tree.

But drearer grew the inky sky,  
As daylight fled away,  
And the winds came out, and hurried by,  
As if they dared not stay;  
Howling afar, and shrieking nigh,  
Like spirits doomed, at play.

Then the old man shook his hoary head,  
As on his staff leaned he,  
For the sky above with blood seemed red,  
And the earth a bloody sea;  
And on him crimson drops were shed  
From the boughs of the old oak tree.

Then the old man laughed a horrid laugh,  
And shook his head again,  
And clenching fast his crooked staff,  
He turned him to the plain;  
And the hills rung back his hellish laugh,  
Mocking in wild disdain.

On, on he hurried, but still there rung  
That laugh back from the hill;  
While livid clouds above him hung,  
And forms, his blood to chill  
High o'er his head in mid-air swung,  
And all were laughing still!

The old man noted not his way,  
For his heart grew cold with fear;  
And language never breathed by day  
Was whispered in his ear:  
But he hurried on, for he dared not stay,  
Those awful words to hear!

He had trod that self-same path before,  
Ere evening, when he fled  
That mangled form bathed all in gore,  
And to the hill-side sped;  
And now at midnight met once more  
The murderer and the dead!



Hushed were the winds, the clouds rolled back,  
And on that lonely dell,  
Revealing clear a blood-marked track,  
The cold, pale starlight fell;  
Ah! light the old man did not lack,  
His handiwork to tell.

He had loved full long and well the youth,  
So cold and quiet lain,  
But what to him was love or truth?  
For bitter words and vain  
Had passed that day; and now, in sooth,  
He ne'er might love again!

Morn came; and on one fearful bed,  
In that dark, lonely wild,  
With sere brown leaves of autumn spread,  
The sun looked down and smiled;  
But there they lay, stiff, cold, and dead —  
The old man and his child!

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#### S K E T C H E S   O F   E A S T - F L O R I D A .

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##### N U M B E R   T H R E E .

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##### S A I N T   A U G U S T I N E :   T H E   F I R S T   L O O K .

THERE are places, and there are passages, in life that keep bright in all weathers. They improve just in proportion as we have been able to contrast them with others, and change, if at all, only to come a little closer to the heart. I beg Tom Moore's pardon; he says something about 'growing brighter and brighter,' but he was thinking of a first kiss, or a last one, which perhaps hangs the most; or at the moment of that writing, he may have had a side-thought for the choice wine that smoothed his inspiration; all which are very charming, bewitching, and all-possessing to those who affect that sort of thing — But I was only thinking of St. Augustine, East-Florida. I may live to feel a stronger pull at the heart; but so far, St. Augustine is my particular passion. And what the deuce is the reason? It is not my home, for my first step 'forward and back' was in the face of a cold wind; high mountains on either side, and the only gap in them opened to the north-east. All winds north of the sun's track had to bend around and come in by that gap. Of course, every thing in that country has a north-east cast, and perhaps this is why I love the south, for it's hard loving any thing that is forced upon you with the pertinacity of a high wind. Men running after hats, women holding their skirts down, toppling chimneys, and faces tied up with the tooth-ache, prevail in all that region; wherefore it is, that those who cannot learn to love the place, for these privileges, will (if only to be

obstinate) love so much the more the warm sun and air of the south, and the quiet, the repose, the opiate of the southern climate. But I do not mean the south-west. I was once crossing the Alleghanies, on my way to the south-west, when, fortunately, it occurred to me that the south-west was only a north-easterly continuation, and I immediately struck off at right angles, or rather left angles, and landed in Florida. That, Sir, is the exact spot, where the hat takes care of itself.

I am willing to believe that there *are* people who sleep with their feet uncovered, when the mercury at the bedside is below freezing, because I have seen it done, and not as a penance, but a privilege, to which the physician gave his consent; and I have myself, springing from a warm bed, stepped into a tub of water frozen so hard as to require my whole weight to crush a passage through the ice. I have done this often, but not for the pleasure of it. I have also been through a course of *calido-frigido*. I suppose you know all about that, Mr. EDITOR, *calido-frigido*? Well, I will tell you the order of proceeding.

Get into a warm bath, so exactly tempered to your delicacy of outline, that the change from the warm air of the room is insensible, and having stretched yourself, part your limbs, so as to produce a vacant space in the water, and into this space let your servant pour hot water which you will pump up and down with a long-handled brush. (I say you *will* pump, because if you do n't, it will be too hot there.) The servant then brings *boiling* water and continues to pour, and you to pump, till your nerves begin to slacken, and insensibly to you, the pump works slower and slower, and at last it stops. You think you are still pumping, but that is a delusion. You are now in boiling water, but like the approach of vice, or any other insidious thing, the change has been so gradual, that you are not sensible of boiling; you only *know* that you are very comfortable, and that is sufficient. 'John, you may go,' but John knows better. Presently you begin to confess that you are a little happier than usual, and you speculate about Heaven; where it may be; how far off, and whether it is possible to make a nearer approach before breakfast; and then a faintness comes over you, a die-away-ative-ness, during which, you forgive your enemies, and bless those that persecute you; in short, you love every body and every thing beyond all conception, and you would clasp the whole universe with all its black spots of sin and damnation, for your heart is melting within you. All this time, John has an eye upon you; and just as you are going to sleep, with the infatuation of a man sucking exhilarating gas, he lifts you from the bath, and with a struggle, you are landed upon the floor. You stagger, and grasp at a chair to keep from falling, and the servant, dipping a pail in a tub of iced-water, gives you the whole contents at a single dash. First in front, then in the rear, then under each arm; after which he jumps upon the bath, and drops a pail-full on top of your head. Of course you try to knock him down with a chair, or poker; but at every attempt, *splash!* comes the bucket of water; and at the last throw, the

servant disappears. Such, Sir, is the operation; and they say there is no living in this climate without going through it once or twice a week. If you have lived so long, Mr. Editor, without doing it, do n't flatter yourself that you will live much longer. You may die suddenly, some cold morning, from not practising the calido-frigido. After the calido-frigido, you breakfast; and stepping into the street, any warm morning in January, the snow is melting from the hot sun, and the gutters are running; the effect of which is so sickening that every body is at a gasp. But *you* delight in it. In the evening of the same day you walk home to dinner in a snow-storm; streets glazed with ice, wind blowing a hurricane out of the north, and Fahrenheit, as the evening papers tell you, twenty degrees below zero; but to *you*, the weather is charming; only a fine bracing atmosphere. Why? You and your servant went through the same contrasting operation before breakfast. Sir, you are acclimated.

But we have forgotten St. Augustine. Perhaps there is something in getting there that renders the place so charming. The pleasantest route is by way of Savannah, which you may reach by rail road and steam-boat in three or four days, or in half a dozen by packet, with a rough-and-tumble, pleasant or unpleasant, as the wind happens, and a day or two additional in working up the river, a tide at a time. But there you are in another climate; and if it pleases the wind not to blow, you are quite indifferent whether the ship is a day or a week in getting up the river. How delightful to be without the necessity of overcoat and umbrella; and oh! how delicious the soft warm air after a week's passage at sea. Matter-of-fact here, is better than the most frolicsome imagination, especially that of being seven hundred miles from the region of ice and snow. There is nothing very enticing in the low, flat shores, or the interminable marshes, or the cormorants standing in a row on the beach; but over all, lying warm and lovingly, is the soft haze of the Indian summer, giving the country a look, not like spring, for that has life and effort, and the feeling of spring is bounding; nor like summer, with its scorching heat and long wearisome days; nor is it much like our northern autumn, for that has decay and death; the moaning wind and the rustling of dry leaves; the scarlet tea that gives the same nervous tremor under foot that green tea does to the head; but (if you won't laugh) it is something like what we imagine of the silent land; not dead, but sleeping. You will query whether to crack nuts and eat apples on deck, or go ashore and dream away the day, not in joy or sadness; no looking before or behind, and no speculation or argument upon the present; but merely its enjoyment. How is your blood, Sir? Bounding, with a steady motion like the falls of Niagara, or faint and intermittent? Have you suffered yourself to get feverish, merely for the fun of the thing, and now have to endure its *tortures*? Have you prayed for *rest*—rest, that one burden of your prayer? Then, Sir, take the first packet for the Savannah river, and shoot duck, from the quarter deck; or, if you choose to land on some of the islands, there are hawks there

that will let you shoot at them a dozen times without winking! But perhaps you are a better marksman. I like any thing that is off-hand; but the wit of *aiming* hard at any thing, with the savage determination to kill, in this world of short-comings, great outlays and small returns, is too forced to suit my particular temperament. I do n't see the point of it. The next best thing after shooting, is to go ashore on the west side. On the edge of the bluff, which looks down upon the rice-fields and the river, there is a small circular opening in the live-oaks; and standing about that circle, are fifty to a hundred blacks threshing out rice. There are old men and women, and young men and maidens, and all varieties of dress, from the coquettish and full, to the indifferent and *half*-dress of more fashionable circles; skirts tucked, skirts looped, and skirts gathered at the waist; some with a riband, and some with a scarf dangling; all with a head-dress of some kind, and all singing whatever happens to be the impromptu of the occasion. The boys question and the girls answer in a kind of chant, and this is repeated opera-fashion once or twice, when the young and old all join in a regular break-down, and then the flails come down all as one, and exact as the bow-tip of an orchestra-leader. The young girl sings with a roguish cast of the eye, and a smile on her lip, but the old men, and the old hags of women, how frantic they look as they burst into the chorus! Here and there is an old African, who hardly knows what it all means, but with a guess at the subject, he joins in with his native lingo, and his notes are as well timed and unearthly as the best of them. The song may affect to be lively and joyous, but it is not so. There is something so sad and wild about it, that I defy any one who knows the tones of the heart, to look on and listen without something of a shudder. And yet they appear to be happy, all but those old creatures who have the look of being past all care or hope. On the edge of the bank, in a sentry-box, a man stands, with rifle in hand, ready to pick off any bird that may come within his aim, and on the other side of the group is an old, blind, gray-headed negro sitting in the straw, with a dozen half-naked children frolicking about him, and rolling in the sunshine. Puffing away at his pipe that went out 'long, long ago,' he will sit there in the sun hour after hour, bare-headed and almost motionless, muttering to himself, or grasping eagerly at the young ones, as though he would tear them in pieces; but they know better, for just so have they seen an old cat play with her kittens. Occasionally he starts, as though he heard and understood the song of the threshers, and with a fling of his arms, as if there again at his old post, he breaks out with some old, forgotten ditty, and then crouches down again in the straw, motionless as before; and so the time goes by, till the children lead him away to his hut and his hominy.

In this lounging way a day or two passes pleasantly, during which the ship has drifted up to Savannah, where fifteen darkeys, of different sizes and novelties of wardrobe, stand ready, each with a hand raised to his hatless head, to take your luggage to Mr. WILTBERGER'S. Not less than fifteen will answer; for it needs two for a hat-box,

three for a valise, and five for each trunk. I recommend this in preference to the more gentlemanlike way of having your baggage sent for; for a cart would have to be got up for that purpose, and a negro who could harness a horse in less than half a day, would be too smart to live at the South. With this ragged troop you clamber up the high bank, and after a good deal of fuss, find yourself in a pleasant room at the Pulaski House, and look out the open window to see what is going on; but the square and the streets are still and dreamy as midnight. Nothing living save the warm sunlight; but that seems so much a thing of life, that you put out your hand to see if it will bite, and, rather surprised that it don't, look about again for an object.

The shop doors are all open, and through one of them is discovered a man with a lathered face, the sunshine lying half way up his lap, a white barber holding his nose, and a small black one whisking about the room with a brush. Every little while the small barber goes out to the door-steps to pull at the ears of a dog that lies asleep on the side-walk, and then back again to brush with renewed vigor. It is not fly-time, but he is whisking for a picayune. And this is all that can be seen of Savannah during the impatient half-hour of the day. At the end of that time, a black head appears at your door and asks, 'Will massa please walk down to dinner?' which being repeated three times to make you fully understand the meaning, you follow the head to the first floor, and sit down to constituents from all parts of the land. Delicate preparations from the interior, the substantial from Charleston market, the luxuries of the Florida coast, and West-Indian fruits freshly-gathered, are all there, to help charm away the hour. Beside, there are pleasant faces and bright eyes about you, and not the slightest jar to disturb your digestion. Those who like to doze or dream over the last half hour, will find the low murmur of table-talk as lulling as a brook in a June night. After dinner you step into the street with renewed conviction that stomach and climate have more to do with one's religion than most people imagine. The wide street that opens to the south (every one knows how beautiful are the streets in Savannah) leads past a cemetery, where of course it is very still and solemn, but it is equally so in every other, save the one that skirts the river bank; and even there the cawing of the crows a mile distant over the river comes to the ear as distinctly as in the shut-up mountains of the Highlands. Fifty feet below are the outward-bound ships, stowing away their cotton for the East, and from their gloomy depths comes up the half-smothered, never-ending song of the negro slave. All day long you may hear the same monotonous, melancholy cry, a little exaggerated as the labor varies; and, with only at long intervals a louder quack from some bold crow venturing over, or the far-off scream of a boat coming down the river, there is nothing to prevent your taking a siesta, wherever the humor of the moment is disposed to be lazy.

The journey south from Savannah was formerly made in what is called the inland passage, between the Sea Islands and the main

land. The boat that ran in those waters, some seven or eight years since, promising to reach Picolata as soon as the weather and tide would permit, was a small fussy affair, lying very low in the water, with no cabin under deck, but hatchways very convenient to fall through, and a power of engine, equal to — say five hundred cats. It also had about the same power of screaming, and was steered by a big black on the upper deck, with the old-fashioned tiller. Much of this inland channel is narrow and crooked, running for long distances through immense marshes, where the passage was alike solemn and slow. If the helmsman happened to look aside for a moment, it needed but a slight penchant either way for the boat to go ashore; but the motion was never so great as to send us very far inland, and by the help of setting-poles and reversed wheels, we were soon made to float again. But it would sometimes come to pass, that in working with the one desire of getting the boat off, the captain and his men forward and the big helmsman aft would not amalgamate in their operations, and the boat when launched would be heading the wrong way. In such cases, we had to run back to find a place wide enough to turn in, or go ashore again very carefully, and repeat the operation. As this occurred pretty often, and the captain always found some landing-place to rest over night, it was only after many days, and a die-away scream, as though the poor old thing was breathing its last, that the boat reached its destination. Now, the boats are intended to be sea-worthy, and when the weather is pleasant, the passage is made outside, running in between the islands occasionally to the landings on the coast, and stopping at St. Mary's the last night, so as to pass the bar at St. Augustine by daylight. The tide of those inland seas and rivers seems to be very sluggish; but a little incident occurred a few years since, showing the contrary, in no very contemptible manner. Half a dozen of us had taken passage for St. Augustine, and the third day out, just after we had passed the St. Johns, the wind suddenly freshened from the south, and the boat pitched about to such a degree, that we decided upon running back and making the harbor. The captain had never passed the bar, and the breakers were in one continued dash of foam for miles, presenting no passage to the eye; but a gentleman on board said he knew the way, and under his pilotage we floundered through; and avoiding a wreck that was rolling about near the scene of its disaster the day previous, we ran up to Pablo and fastened to a schooner that was secured to a dock; shortly after, a government steamer came in and made fast to us outside, so that the three vessels and the dock, which was quite long, extended some distance into the river. After a stroll of some hours on shore, prying into the bushes very carefully, for fear of Indians, we went back to supper, condoled with the ladies upon sea-sickness, discussed the probability of an Indian attack, and went to bed. The night soon fell, solemn and still; so still that the small talk of the pelicans over the river might have been heard distinctly; that is, if any one had been awake to listen; but some time between midnight and morning, there was a sudden shock,



something like an earthquake, only more personal; after which a shouting and tramping, but no yells, as in that case it would have been an Indian attack. What could be the matter? We might have been struck with lightning, or, as any thing is possible to our apprehension, it might be that the boiler had burst, though the fire had gone out long ago; but then the engine would certainly have screamed at that; beside, in case of lightning, or steam, we should have smelt, or felt it, which we did not. All things considered, as there was no cry of fire, nor murder, we turned over in our berths, and went to sleep again. The next morning, going on deck, we found the boat anchored some two miles from shore; the government steamer still farther out on the west side; the schooner in another direction; the dock in pieces, hither and yon; and outside of all, dancing about in the breakers, was the wreck. Fine work, indeed, for Sunday morning! The old thing had gone up with the tide in the night, and getting a fair start, came down broadside on, and carried us all out to sea!

About nine o'clock, we fired up and ran down the coast, making St. Augustine early in the afternoon, to the great delight of the idlers who had marked our coming by the black line on the horizon, long before the boat was in sight. The coast of Florida above St. Augustine is not such as we should expect from the promised land; a smooth white beach with little hillocks of sand in the rear, having a stunted growth of scrub oak, with here and there a cabbage-tree, or palmetto, and in the spring a few large flowers of the Spanish-bayonet, looking in the distance like sentries with white feathers, posted on the verge of the sea.

St. Augustine, sheltered by an island in front, and a sea-wall running close along the town, presents only a long line of low, flat stone houses, with narrow sandy streets, a square in the centre with a church and cathedral, and at the upper end of the town, an old fort, looking as though it had been built in the time of Adam, and so, for that matter, looks the town. There is much, very much, that would be intolerable in any other latitude; but oh! beautiful, beautiful beyond all picturing, the climate! The first day you take to be the belle of the season; a little *passée*, and a little sad, you think, but for all that, very bewitching. Well, the next day rises and sets the same, with perhaps a brighter blush at parting; and after a fortnight of such, you feel an utter contempt for all the extras and extravaganzas of northern life. Your boxes of books are unopened, and so they remain all winter, with an increasing wonder that you ever cared for them, when the song, and the dance, and the *real* poetry of life can so thoroughly fill the heart. Nothing under heaven to do, (so you say in writing home,) and yet with fishing, and riding, sea-bathing and nine-pins, pic-nics and dances, and the half dozen 'sociables' of the day, not forgetting the one 'round the corner,' you will go to bed in the small hours, with some urgent fancy still ahead, which will be fresh for the morning; and, sure that the sun will rise to-morrow, and abide with you, you neither hurry your dreams nor your breakfast. The devotional



hour, to be sure, is at sunrise; but the Catholic bells are ringing at all hours of the day, and a man would be indolent indeed, who could not make out some religion from these multiplied conveniences.

So passes the day, the week, the month, the winter; and with so much done, there are so many pleasant things undone, that the longer you tarry the greater will be the throng to put a finger on your lips at the last good-bye. Verily, those who love pleasant faces and warm hearts will love St. Augustine. But it is not the place for all. The young, the eager, and the ambitious should not go into that silent land; and especially to those who have that kind of nervous irritation which requires *stimulants* to allay, would the climate be frightful. Such persons would have the St. Vitus's dance. But the mentally-dyspeptic, and all those who have tired of crowds, and forced civilities; all those, in short, who in one way or another have 'had enough of it,' will find all true as above written.

Have you ever found yourself sitting up in bed after long illness, fever or delirium? You listen to the song of birds, and the thousand and one voices of the outside world, and wonder whether you are in the same old planet from which you retired long ago in sickness and disgust. You think back, and there is a confused memory of pain and trouble; of long nights in which you neither slept nor waked; of a kind hand that seemed ever vainly attempting to minister comfort about you, and of low tones sounding in your ear like voices in the dark: musing in this way, you sink back upon the pillow, with your face turned to the light, and after a little, begin to argue with yourself, very rationally as you think, whether *this* too is not a dream, only pleasanter than usual; and then you dispute whether you were just now sitting up in bed, and deciding on the whole that *that* too was a delusion, you fix your eyes upon the sunshine playing on the carpet, and sleep again. Half an hour afterward you wake to the touch of warm lips, the clasp of warm arms, and open your eyes to another's — and so forth.

Not unlike, in this quiet city of St. Augustine, is the feeling with which you thank God that you have escaped the fretting, restless fever of a northern life. As to the lips and arms, I say nothing; but oh! good-bye to the long faces, the sharp look of care and apprehension; the cold reply, the rush of the eager heartless throng; good-bye to all your cold things of the forty-second latitude! I look back upon the long line of a thousand miles, and say that your cold winds shall not reach me; your blustering northerners, and your blustering politics shall storm within their own dominions. Good-bye!

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HEART-COMPENSATIONS.

THERE'S not a heart, however rude, but hath some little flower  
To brighten up its solitude, and scent the evening hour:  
There's not a heart, however cast by grief and sorrow down,  
But has some memory of the past, to love and call its own.

## T H E M E E T I N G A T S E A .

'Broken—Sept. 5, Lat. 47 41, Lon. 12, ship South Carolina, OWEN, from Havre, for New-Orleans; (by the Rochester, at Cowes, from New Orleans, commanded by a son of Captain OWEN. They had not seen each other for several years, and the weather being fine, Captain OWEN of the Rochester made a visit to his parent.)

SHIPPING LIST.

WHEN amber skies hung o'er the wave,  
 And autumn winds were light,  
 And neither sea-fowl dipped his bill,  
 Nor petrel took her flight;  
 When o'er the ocean here and there  
 A tremulant ripple swept,  
 And on the vast Atlantic's breast  
 A deepening silence slept;  
 The captain of a gallant ship, with hearty sailors manned,  
 Paced slowly o'er the quarter-deck, and all the horizon scanned.

The stamp of youth not yet removed,  
 He trode with manly grace;  
 His heart unhurt by brooding woes,  
 No wrinkle marred his face;  
 Yet, with a brow sunburnt and broad,  
 An eye with eagle's fire,  
 A stalwart form, might well work out  
 Ambition's proud desire;  
 He for the moment felt a thrill as tender yet as wild  
 As e'er touched woman's bosom, or the heart of sunny child.

Afar, and yet how far it was!  
 A white speck caught his eye,  
 Most like the wing of some fair bird,  
 Between the wave and sky;  
 But though along the trackless deep  
 Such things were often seen,  
 The sailor's eye was moistened,  
 And he showed an altered mien;  
 Whoe'er could then have looked upon the compass of his soul,  
 Had marked the needle of quick joy point truly to Hope's pole.

' Make sail! make sail! ay, 'fore and aft,  
 Below, and up aloft;  
 Spread wide the billowy canvass,  
 To catch the breezes soft.  
 My spirit feels, that ere this day  
 Shall deepen into shade,  
 Or ere these winds shall all expire,  
 Or sunset colors fade,  
 I'll grasp a hand, and clasp a form, ungrasped, unclasped for years!' '  
 ' Ay, ay! make sail!' the seamen cried, 'stand by to haul, with cheers!'

Then glided fleetly o'er the wave  
 That tall and graceful ship,  
 While ripples murmured at her bow,  
 As words from woman's lip;  
 The dark keel glided onward,  
 O'er beds of tinted shell,  
 And shaded from the intruding sun  
 Full many a mermaid cell.  
 Joy was around her—joy above, as on her path she went,  
 Like some o'er-joyful messenger, on welcome errand sent.

As some white cloud which riseth up  
 Through Heaven's eternal blue,  
 That speck in the horizon rose,  
 And broader, larger grew.  
 Full soon three taper top-masts lie  
 Outlined against the sky,  
 And from the halliards, waving out,  
 Three well-known signals fly;  
 'Bear down! 'tis he! my noble Sire! as cherished on the seas  
 As when, a child, I clambered up, to prattle on his knees!'

Behold! two ships upon the deep,  
 With canvass partly furled,  
 And flags that droop along their masts,  
 By breezes scarcely curled:  
 No sound of flapping rope is heard,  
 No creak of heavy block;  
 But side by side, and easily,  
 Those meeting vessels rock.  
 'My son! my father!' Both have met upon that ocean-plain,  
 And thoughts of home and childhood-life crowd on their hearts again!

*New-Orleans, Oct., 1843.*

A. C. AINSWORTH.

## THE QUOD CORRESPONDENCE.

### Harry Harson.

#### CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH.

MICHAEL RUST sat in his office with his arms twined round his knees, and his chin bowed down to them, like a wild beast crouching to spring. His thin cheek was thinner than on the day before; his hair tangled and matted; and, unconsciously, he grated his teeth, and muttered to himself. But he neither moved, nor changed his position; and the black flashing eye, which darted hither and thither, never resting, even for a moment, alone showed that his mind was on the alert.

He was awaiting the return of his messenger, who was exceedingly dilatory. Step after step came and went. Persons ascended and descended the stairs; and as the morning advanced, and the hours of business approached, the sound of out-door bustle increased, until a perfect current of human beings seemed to pour through the street. Still, Rust sat there in silence, watching the return of his clerk. Once, he fancied that he distinguished his voice in the entry. He got up, opened the door, and looked out; a strange man was loitering in the passage, but no one else. He shut it, dragged a chair to the middle of the room, stamped it down heavily, and flung himself into it, gnawing his fist with impatience. Ha! a step slowly ascended the stairs. He was certain this time. It was Kormicker. There was no mistaking that heavy, irregular tread; but, never-

theless, Rust did not stir until the door opened and Kornicker walked in.

'Your answer!' said Rust, looking at him, as if to read his success in his features.

'He'll come.'

'When?'

'He did n't say,' replied his clerk, shutting the door by butting his shoulder against it.

'Did he write?'

'No.'

'Good!' replied Rust, abruptly. 'Any thing else?'

'No. If you're done with me, I'll get my breakfast.'

'Go.'

Kornicker departed, and Rust relapsed into his old attitude, occasionally biting his nails, or passing his fingers through his matted hair, or casting a suspicious glance toward the door.

Half an hour had passed, and Rust was absorbed in his own dreams, when he was startled by a heavy step at his door. He sat up in his chair, and listened attentively, holding his breath. There was something in that step which he did not like. It was calm, slow, and deliberate. He hoped that it would pass on, but it did not. Two hard knocks at the door followed.

'Come in,' said Rust, without rising.

The door opened, and Harson and Holmes entered. Still Rust sat where he was, with his black eyes peering from beneath his heavy brows, and glancing from face to face.

'I'm seeking a Mr. Rust,' said Harson, advancing.

'That's me. My name is Rust,' was the laconic answer.

'And mine is Harson,' replied the other. 'I received this, this morning,' said he, pointing to the letter which he had received from Kornicker, and have come to keep the appointment proposed in it.'

Rust moved uneasily on his chair, and turned to the lawyer; for some moments he did not speak; but at last, seeing that no farther efforts at opening a conversation were made by his visitors, he pointed to Holmes, and asked:

'Is that gentleman's name Henry Harson, too?'

'No,' replied Harson.

'Then he was n't invited here. My note was to Henry Harson, and to no one else. My conversation is to be on private matters, which I do n't choose to make known to every body.'

'Perhaps it is as well that I should go,' said Holmes, without any trace of anger. 'I'll leave you, Harry, and will return in half an hour.'

He was leaving the room, when Harson laid his hand on his arm, and said: 'No, no; do n't go, Dick; I can't spare you.' Turning to Rust he added: 'There are no secrets between this man and me, and I do n't intend that there shall be. So, what you have to say, you must speak out before us both, or keep it to yourself.'

Rust eyed him for a few moments in silence, with his thin lips closely compressed, and then looked on the floor, apparently making

up his mind. At length he said, in a slow tone: 'So you *will* have him here, will you? Well, be it so. Should what I say hit hard, thank yourself that one more knows it than is necessary!'

He went to the table and took up a letter, which he handed to Harson. 'Did you write that?'

Harson opened it, and ran his eye over it. 'I did,' said he. 'How came *you* by it?'

'No matter. You'll find that out, some day; but not now. I may have borrowed it, I may have found it, or bought it, or begged it, or stolen it. Michael Rust, you know, is not too good to do any thing. I think you hinted something of the kind in it.'

Harson passed the letter to Holmes, who seating himself, deliberately perused it, and turned it over, and examined the back, with a kind of habitual caution. There was a smile upon his lips, as he read it, that puzzled Rust. 'It's not at all improbable that he *may* have stolen it,' said he, folding it up, and returning it to Harson. 'The language is free, but no doubt it is deserved.'

Rust's eyes fairly shot fire, as they encountered the calm, steady gaze of the old lawyer. But he could not look him down, and he turned away and said:

'I'm not fond of law, or there is that in that letter which, if revenged in a court of justice, would fall heavily upon the writer of it.'

'Perhaps so, perhaps so,' said Holmes, in reply.

'Well, Sir, I'll not waste time about this matter, but will state why I sent for you; which was, not to ask favors, but to warn you against the consequence of your own acts. For weeks, a man whose gray hairs might have brought him prudence, has been at work in the dark, tracking my footsteps, prying into my actions; throwing out insinuations against me; asserting nothing openly, but doing every thing in secret; working with the vilest tools, and frequenting the haunts of the very offscouring of the earth. It was a noble pursuit,' said he, bitterly, 'and it was worthy of the person upon whom I was at last able to fix it. That person was *you*,' said he, pointing to Harson. 'Stop, Sir!' said he, seeing that Harson was going to speak, 'stop, Sir. Your turn will come. Hear what I yet have to say. I have told you what you have done; I have told you too that I hated law; but if you think that I am the man to be hunted down like a beast, and branded in the eyes of the world, with impunity, you do n't know Michael Rust.'

Harson's fingers had gradually closed, until his fist grew into a form not unlike the head of a sledge-hammer; and for a short time it was a matter of no small doubt whether it would not light upon the sharp, fierce face that glared upon him. But a cautioning glance from Holmes called him to himself; and he replied in a manner which, if less to the point, was at least more peaceable: 'What I *have* done, I will abide by; what I *intend* to do, you'll find out, and that soon. Take your own course, and I'll take mine. If you are innocent, you'll not be injured; if you are not, you'll get your deserts.'

Rust bit his lips at this quiet answer. 'Perhaps,' said he, in a low, sneering tone, 'since you seem to be so anxious to pry into my conduct, you may obtain more authentic information by applying to me in person; and perhaps you will not object to make my misdeeds, of which you hint so freely, known to *me*, who certainly am interested in learning what they are.'

Harson drew Holmes to the other end of the room, where they whispered together for some moments; after which, Holmes turned to Rust, and said:

'Your name, I think, is Michael Rust?'

'That *is* my name,' replied Rust, bowing stiffly.

'And you accuse Mr. Harson of having endeavored to injure your character?'

'I do,' replied Rust.

'Perhaps your memory may lead you astray, and his remarks and allusions may refer to another than yourself.'

Michael Rust turned from him with a contemptuous smile; and then tapping the letter with his finger, said: 'Ink never forgets. Henry Harson and his friend may both vary their story, but this is always the same, and the slanders once uttered against me *here*, are here still unchanged and unsoftened.'

'Against *you*?' repeated Holmes. 'Read it again. *You* are not even mentioned in it.'

'Rust glanced at it; and the lawyer thought that for a moment he observed a change in his features. If so, it was but momentary; for he answered in the same low tone, though perhaps with even more of a sneer:

'It was a trap, was it? Pah! a child could see through it! It alludes to one *Henry Colton*. The charges are made against *him*. I'll save you the trouble of farther manœuvring to obtain information on that point, by informing you that Henry Colton and Michael Rust are one. I'll inform you too that you knew it before you came here. If you wish it, I'll give you the same admission in writing.'

'I accept your offer,' said Holmes, quietly. 'There's paper,' said he, pointing to the table; 'write it on that.'

Rust cast an angry glance at him, and seemed to hesitate; but he saw that he was watched narrowly, and must not shrink. So he sat down and scrawled something, which he pushed to Holmes.

Holmes read it over slowly: 'Alter *that*; the wording is not clear,' said he, pointing out a paragraph which did not suit him.

Rust took up the pen and altered the phrase.

'Perhaps *that* will do?' said he, again handing it to Holmes.

'That's just what I want,' replied the lawyer, running his eye over it, and apparently weighing every word. 'But you are very forgetful. You have n't signed it.'

Rust took the paper and signed his name to it. 'I hope you are satisfied. I suppose you have me now,' said he, with a sneer.

'I think I *have*,' replied Holmes, folding up the paper, and putting it in his pocket. 'Have you any farther remarks to make to Mr. Harson or myself? What you have done has been of much service, and will save us a great deal of trouble.'

'None,' replied Rust; 'I sent for *him*,' said he, pointing to Harson, 'to let him know that I was aware of his proceedings, and to warn him that I was prepared to defend myself; and that if he persisted in his attacks upon me, he would do so at his peril.'

'It is well,' said Holmes. 'It's frank in you, and no doubt Mr. Harson feels grateful. And now that you have finished, perhaps you will listen to a strange tale, which I am going to narrate to you. I wish you to pay particular attention, as you may find it interesting. It's quite romantic, but strictly true.'

'Once upon a time,' (that's the way stories begin, I think,) there were two brothers living at a place far from this city; the names of whom were George and Henry Colton. The former received a large property from a distant relative; while the means of the latter were limited; so much so, that but for the liberality of his elder brother, he would have found it utterly impossible to live, in the style and manner in which he always did and still is accustomed to live.'

'Well, Sir, does this refer to me?' said Rust; 'and if it does, and is true, what then?'

'I have not finished,' replied Holmes. 'You shall hear the rest. Shortly after the accession of George Colton to this property, he married; but previous to doing so, to secure his brother against want, he settled upon him property sufficient to produce him a handsome income.'

'Well, Sir,' said Rust, 'what then?'

'You shall hear,' replied Holmes. 'By this marriage George Colton had two children, who in the course of law would have inherited his entire property, had they been living at the time of his death. These children had reached the ages of two or three years, when they were lost in a very singular manner. They had been left alone by their nurse, in a room in their father's house; and when she returned, after the lapse of a very few minutes, they were gone; and from that day to this their parents have had no tidings of them. Search was made in every direction; rewards were offered; persons were employed in all parts of the country, and descriptions of the missing children were placarded in every quarter. No one was more earnest and untiring in his efforts to find them than Henry Colton, the younger brother; for he remembered only his brother's past kindness; entirely forgetting, that if these children were dead he would, in all probability, receive his brother's vast property. But he was equally unsuccessful with the others. By degrees, hope grew fainter, and the efforts of all, except this noble younger brother, relaxed; but he travelled, wrote, had agents employed in every direction, and, I am told, is still endeavoring to unravel this mystery. And now,' said he, in a low, stern tone, 'shall I tell you the reason why he failed? It was this. The agents employed by him were put on a false scent; and although a high reward was offered for the discovery of the children, a higher one was paid for keeping the place of their concealment undiscovered. Shall I tell you,' added the lawyer, in the same tone, 'who paid the bribe? That same noble Henry Colton, the younger brother; and what's more, that



same man sometimes bore the name of Michael Rust. All this can be proved beyond the shadow of a doubt, and will be, in a court of justice, if we are compelled to do it.'

The lawyer paused, and looked Rust steadily in the face.

'Well, Sir,' said Rust, 'part of what you say is true. I know that the children were lost, I know that I did what I could to find them. As to the rest, it is false, and I care nothing for it. They are dead, I fear.'

'Not quite,' replied Holmes. 'One of them is already rescued; so that Michael Rust's hopes and schemes are thwarted; and his only chance to escape the arm of the law is to give up the other, or to tell where he is.'

Rust turned toward him, and looking him steadily in the face, said: 'Well, Sir, if this be true I'm glad of it; but if some designing scoundrel is desirous of palming off his own brats on an honest man, to swindle him out of his property, let him beware, lest he run his legs into shackles. For my part, I've no doubt that the whole tale is a fabrication of that old man's,' said he, pointing to Harson, 'got up for no honest purpose.'

'That's false,' replied Holmes, sternly. 'Lie as you will; deny as stoutly as you please; I tell you that what I have said is true, and that you are the man.'

Rust grew deadly pale, but said nothing.

'And I tell you again,' said Holmes, in the same stern voice, 'that your only hope of escaping punishment is in giving up the remaining child, or in giving such information as may lead to his discovery. Do that, and we will show you all the favor we can.'

'Nay, more,' added Harson. 'We will never let it be known what you had to do with it. We'll let it be supposed that the children were stolen, and found. We will keep it quiet, won't we, Ned?' said he, walking up to the lawyer, and laying his hand on his shoulder.

'You've said so, and your promise must be kept,' replied Holmes. 'I should n't have made it. But you must decide at once.'

Michael Rust had sat as still as a statue, merely turning his eyes from one to the other, as they spoke.

'Have you done?' asked he, in a voice as quiet and composed as if the threats just uttered had no reference to himself.

'You have heard all that we have to offer,' said Holmes.

'You're very kind,' replied Rust; 'you're *very* kind; but you do n't *know* Michael Rust. He accepts favors from no man. There, there — go! He values your threats and promises alike; and neither the one nor the other will turn him one inch from his own course, to aid you in your dishonest purpose. It's against his conscience. Good morning. Our interview is ended, I think. I'm sorry to see gray hairs so steeped in depravity.'

'Michael Rust,' said Holmes, turning to him, 'you have sealed your own doom. I'm glad you've rejected our offers, and I now withdraw them. You're unworthy of them; and you shall have no other grace than what the law extends to a felon.'

Rust bowed. 'You're kind. I shall not trouble you to repeat the offer. As for the grace extended to felons, I believe there is a law which makes a conspiracy to defraud, a felony likewise. It takes three to make a conspiracy, in law; but I have no doubt you have abettors. Perhaps you had better examine the matter. I wish you good morning, gentlemen; I wish to be alone.'

Rust sat without moving, until the sound of their footsteps descending the stairs was lost, and then he sprang to his feet.

'Now then,' exclaimed he, 'I know where I am! Now I can see where to strike. Ha! ha! We'll see who conquers, Harry Harson or Michael Rust—a desperate man, who has no alternative but to succeed or die. Ho! ho! I know where the mine is to be sprung; and I will countermine!'

Listless, desponding, and irresolute as to his course, as he had been before his interview with Harson, all trace of it had disappeared now. He had decided upon the steps to be taken; and, desperate as they were, he was not the man to hesitate. The anxiety which had borne him down, disappeared as he ascertained the extent of his danger, and was able to nerve himself to cope with it; and his manner was not only cheerful but merry, and his eye shone with a self-confidence not unlike that of a gladiator preparing for a conflict in which he or his adversary must perish.

Lingering in his office only long enough to give his two visitors time to get some distance off, he put on his hat, locked the door, placed the key over it, so that Kornicker might know where to find it, and sallied out into the street.

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#### A LOVER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

COULD'ST thou but know how dark and drear my days, though few, have past  
 Since o'er my once light heart Despair his gloomy shadow cast;  
 Without one joy to cheer me here, and not a hope on high,  
 The only prayer I offer there, to be allowed to die;  
 Could'st thou but know the anguish which my tortured heart must hide,  
 While gazing on thee smiling still, in youth and beauty's pride,  
 While listening to thy thrilling voice until my burning brain  
 Is maddened with the withering thought that *I must love in vain!*

Thou would'st forgive me that I dare in hopelessness reveal  
 The fierce and frenzied agony of soul thou wilt not heal;  
 Thy gentle breast would pity one whose brimming cup of woe  
 Has gathered deeper bitterness from passion's scorching glow.  
 I thought that even charms like thine my sere heart could not move,  
 That sorrow's strength had steeled it long against the might of love;  
 That that last pang, of all the worst, could never more be mine,  
 And beauty's power so long defied, I should not bow to thine.

But oh! that cold sad freedom lost, I would not now regain!  
 Far dearer to my soul I hold the love thou wilt disdain;  
 Still on mine ear thy gentle voice in silent music falls,  
 Bathing my heart as moonlight bathes some donjon's craggy walls;  
 Still can I gaze in thought into those bright bewildering eyes,  
 Within whose heavenly depth enshrined Love's mighty shadow lies;  
 Still hang upon those lips which poured their melody of tone,  
 And breathed a softness on my heart, until that hour unknown.

W. C. S. B.

## S O N N E T .

TO THE REV. HENRY W. BELLOWS, NEW-YORK.

Lo! where it stands, the green life-giving tree,  
 Mid the pure garden of thy noble faith,  
 Where thou, unwearied, tread'st the onward path,  
 And Moses and Elias talk with thee.  
 Droop we beneath the cloud despondingly,  
 Thy voice its cheering influence imparts,  
 And we arise, and, girding up our hearts,  
 Go forth in hope to win eternity.  
 Behold! to thee is given a tongue of fire!  
 Thou speakest wisdom to the ear of youth,  
 And age takes counsel from thy lip of truth,  
 And each with trust thy teaching doth inspire.  
 By this we know the light thou hast divine —  
 Oh! may our darkened souls new lustre gain from thine!

New-York, Nov., 1843.

MARY E. HEWITT.

## W I D O W S .

'Desrobbons ici la place d'un conte.' — MONTAIGNE.

FULLER says, in his '*Holy State*,' that 'the good widow's grief for her husband, though real is moderate;' and it is our object to illustrate the old divine's text by two famous and most ancient stories; but we would in the first place offer a few remarks upon the species *widow*.

If widow be derived from the Latin *viduus*, void, then Mr. Wel-ler the elder's pronunciation, vidder, is the most etymological. We are, however, far from sharing that gentleman's feelings toward those ladies, cleverest of their class. We love widows. We gain by their loss. And the *void* to us and we fear to them is any thing but an 'aching void.'

In society a Miss is, not to make a pun, amiss. Your sixteens and seventeens are always at sixes and sevens among the men. They are so walled about by what is *proper* and what is not *proper*, that they can do nothing but sit bolt upright with their arms folded. Their sitting, walking, riding, dancing, talking, are all carefully graduated to the *proper*. They start when you speak to them, as a pigeon does when it sees a hawk, and take hold of a man's arm as though he were made of phosphorus; and are bound to look silly, and take refuge under mamma's wings, if the air be tainted by the ghost of a possible impropriety. In Spanish society young ladies are danced with, but never spoken to; but no more of them:

'Non ragionam di lor; ma guarda e passa.'

But a widow, as soon as the becoming sorrow is over, which soon takes place, is always gay, always charming:

'JEFFO. La princesse est reuve, Maffio.  
MAF. On le voit bien à sa gaieté.'

In the first place, the widow *sait vivre*. She knows how to talk to men and how to treat them. In the second, she does what she pleases, and Miss Scandal has to shriek, 'How improper!' in a whisper. In the third place, she never grows old. A spinster is on the wane at five-and-twenty, and at forty, even Echo would be afraid to answer her, for fear she should consider it an offer; but a widow at thirty is on the 'wax,' and in her prime at forty; at least so says the song. We wonder that all women do not wish they were born widows; and that failing, and the occasion presenting itself, do not emulate the fifty Misses Danaus, in the mythology, who in their haste to become widows, stabbed their husbands on the wedding night.

The Rev. Dr. Sterne remarks, that 'the Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.' Bereaved married people must be shorn lambs. We have heard widowers a fortnight after the sad event humming *Gai! Gai! de profundis!*—and widows finding the breeze of a most comfortable temperature, and keeping up a cheerful liveman-loving spirit behind their impenetrable black veils, just as the sun shines as brightly as ever behind the darkest thunder-cloud.

The first tale is that of the Matron of Ephesus, told with infinite spirit by La Fontaine in his *Contes*. He took it from Boccaccio. It is to be found in Petronius, who had it from the Greeks. They borrowed it from the Arabians, who in their turn owe it to the Chinese. Du Halde has it in his version. The origin of most of our every-day stories is as completely hidden in the obscurity of by-gone ages as the name of the inventor of the plough. Who in Heaven's name was the father of jokes? Was Joseph Miller the Joseph who found favor in the eyes of the facile Fatima? Did Pharaoh write facetiæ? Or did Job edit a jest-book? Or was the husband of Eve the great first wag; and must we not consider Joseph a misnomer for Adam?

Once upon a time there lived in Ephesus a lady renowned for her beauty and for her wit, but most of all for her intense affection for her husband. Mothers cited her as an example to their daughters, and husbands were forever singing her praises to their wives. In short, the town esteemed itself lucky in possessing within its walls such a model of virtue. But alas! the husband died. Far from being consoled by a will full of legacies in her favor, the widow abandoned herself to the most distressing grief, and sobbed and groaned so bitterly and so loudly, that all the neighborhood was in tears. Frantic with her loss, she resolved to descend into the tomb with her husband, and to die upon his body. A faithful maid-servant accompanied her, after trying in vain to bring back her mistress to the love of life. She wished to feed her eyes to the last upon the bier of the deceased, and this was the only aliment

she intended to allow herself. One day passed in sighing and weeping, and her grief omitted nothing which is necessary in such cases.

Another dead body was lodged not far from this tomb, but very differently. His monument was a gallows, and himself his only epitaph—a warning to all thieves! A soldier watched him night and day, and was threatened with instant death if the body were removed. During the night, the sentinel perceived to his great surprise a light flashing through the crevices of the tomb, and stealing toward it, heard many soft *oh's* and *alas's*. Entering, he was amazed to see two pretty women in tears, and inquired politely what motive could induce them to inhabit so melancholy an abode? The widow did not of course deign to answer, but the servant explained to him that they had resolved to starve themselves to death for love of the deceased. The soldier explained as well as he was able what life was, and asked leave to take his supper in their presence, if they would eat nothing themselves. They gave him permission. Animated by the beauty of the lady, and assisted by the maid, who began to tire of starvation, he pleaded so warmly and so well, that the dame consented by degrees to forget her *mort*, and to bestow herself upon him. Just as they had ratified the compact by a kiss, under the very nose of the defunct, he heard a noise without, and rushing to his post, found the body gone! Overwhelmed with shame and fear, he returned to the tomb, acquainted the ladies with the fate which awaited him, and bade adieu to his bride.

‘What!’ said the servant, ‘shall we allow you to be hung for such a trifle? No! No! One body is like another. Let us hang up our old master. No one will know the difference.’

The mistress consented; the ‘dear departed’ was suspended in the place of the thief; and the soldier left the guard-house for the palace of the Matron of Ephesus.

The other story is from the *Zadig* of Voltaire, and illustrates the same characteristic trait.

One day *Zadig's* wife *Azora* returned from a walk, swelling with rage. ‘What is the matter, my dear?’ said *Zadig*; ‘what can have happened to put you so beside yourself?’

‘Alas!’ said she, ‘you would be as indignant as I am, if you had only seen what I have witnessed. I went to console the young widow *Cosron*, who not long since erected a tomb to her husband near the brook which flows through yonder meadow, and vowed to the gods to remain at the tomb so long as the waters of the stream should flow by it.’

‘There is an estimable woman for you!’ said *Zadig*; ‘she sincerely loved her husband.’

‘Ah!’ replied *Azora*, ‘if you only knew what she was doing when I visited her!’

‘Well, what? sweet *Azora*!’

‘She was laboring to turn the course of the stream!’ *Azora* was so vehement in her condemnation of the young widow’s conduct,

and overwhelmed her with so many hard names, that Zadig was displeased with so great a parade of virtue.

He had a friend named Cador, who was one of those young men whom his wife thought better behaved and more moral than most others. He made him his confidant, and promised him a large sum if his plan succeeded.

When Azora, who had been passing a day or two at the house of a relation, returned to town, the servants in tears announced to her that her husband had died suddenly the night before, and had been buried that morning in the tomb of his ancestors at the bottom of the garden. She raved, tore her hair, and called the gods to witness that she would not survive him.

That evening Cador asked permission to see her, and they wept together. The next day they shed fewer tears, and dined together. Cador informed her that his friend had left him the greater part of his property, and hinted that it would be his greatest happiness to share it with her. The lady wept, grew angry, but allowed herself to be appeased. The conversation became more confidential. Azora praised the defunct, but confessed that he had many faults from which Cador was exempt.

In the midst of the supper, Cador complained of a violent pain in his liver. The anxious lady rang for her essences, thinking that perhaps one among them might be good for the liver-complaint. She regretted deeply that the great Hermes was no longer at Babylon; she even deigned to touch the side where Cador experienced such intense pain. 'Are you subject to this cruel complaint?' said she, compassionately. 'It sometimes nearly kills me,' replied Cador, 'and there is only one remedy which soothes it, and that is to apply on my side the nose of a man who died the day before.'

'That is a strange remedy!' said Azora.

'Not so strange,' he answered, as Dr. Arnoult's apoplexy-bags.\*

This reason, and the great merit of the young man, decided Azora. 'After all,' said she, 'when my husband passes from the world of yesterday into the world of to-morrow over the bridge Tchinavar, the angel Asrael will not refuse to admit him because his nose is a little shorter in the second life than in the first.'

So taking a razor in her hand, she went to the tomb of her husband, bathed it with her tears, and approached to cut off his nose as he lay extended in the coffin. Zadig sprang up, holding his nose with one hand, and seizing the razor with the other. 'Madam!' he cried, 'say no more against the widow Cosron! The idea of cutting off my nose is quite equal to that of turning a water-course!'

And that is the end of our other story.

The most sincere of us, alas! are always hypocrites, but never so much as when we bring our grief before the eyes of the world.

*'De quelque désespoir qu'une âme soit atteinte  
La douleur est toujours moins forte que la plainte  
Toujours un peu de faste entre parmi les pleurs.'*

\* DR. ARNOULT was a Babylonian of those days, who pretended to cure all diseases by means of a bag suspended about the neck of the patient.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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ETIQUETTE; OR A GUIDE TO THE USAGES OF SOCIETY; WITH A GLANCE AT BAD HABITS.  
By Count ALFRED D'ORSAY. Number Six of the 'Brother Jonathan' Monthly Library.  
New-York: WILSON AND COMPANY.

WE opened this little work with avidity. It is the production of one whose fame, as an accomplished leader and arbiter in fashionable life, has preceded it for some years throughout the United States, and may well impart to it the weight of grave authority. We read it to the close without interruption, and with the greater interest, from finding in it, as we went on, much more than a bare list of rules of intercourse; and we rose from our chair, gratified by the perusal; full of good feeling toward its author; and with a passage from the divine JEREMY TAYLOR hovering in our thoughts. This is it:

'THE Greek that designed to make the most exquisite picture that could be imagined, fancied the eye of Chione, and the hair of Pægnium, and Tarsia's lip, Philenium's chin, and the forehead of Delphia; and set all these upon Melphidippa's neck, and thought that he should outdo both art and nature. But when he came to view the proportions, he found that what was excellent in Tarsia did not agree with the other excellency of Philenium; and although singly they were rare pieces, yet in the whole they made a most ugly face.'

Now it is the exactness of proportion, and what the painters call the *good keeping* of a picture, that in real life designate the well-bred man. It is that quiet exemption from unnecessary display or prominence, in any single feature of character, while all are beautifully sustained; it is that style of existence which in the *Venus de Medicis* makes her appear to the eye to enlarge as you approach near and more near that miracle of art; it is that nice adaptation of conduct to momentary occasion, dictated by a cool judgment, a determined will, perfect self-possession, and a kind heart; that mark the character and manners, and give a tranquil and yet pervading and an unforgetten charm to the intercourse of the true and well-born gentleman:

—'it is not in the power of monarchs  
To make a Gentleman, which is a substance  
Only begot of Merit.'

COUNT D'ORSAY has this innate perception throughout his chapter on Conversation, and he has well illustrated it in that on Dress; indeed throughout his work he writes *as from a SOURCE*: 'It is bad taste to dress in the extreme of fashion; and, in general, those only do so who have no other claim to distinction; leave it, in these times, to shopmen and pick-pockets. Avoid wearing jewelry, unless it be in very good taste, and then



only at proper seasons. This is the age of Mosaic gold and other trash; and by dint of swindling, any one *may* become 'flashy' at a small expense. Recollect that every shop-boy can coarsely imitate your 'outward and visible sign' if he choose to save his money for that purpose. If you *will* stand out in 'high and bold relief,' endeavour to become eminent for some virtue or talent, that people may say, 'There goes the *celebrated* (not the *notorious*) Mr. So-and-so.' In the same chapter are some valuable hints on dress to the other sex, too applicable, alas! too applicable! As our life is not long enough to do anything but praise them, we beg to refer our fair readers to the work itself; the whole of which they may read with advantage, and we doubt not with pleasure. We were much struck by the noble author's chapter on DINNERS in several of its passages, one or two of which we are disposed to cite. The following is eminently just: 'Well-bred people arrive as nearly at the appointed dinner hour as they can. It is a very vulgar assumption of importance purposely to arrive half an hour behind time; beside the folly of allowing eight or ten hungry people such a tempting opportunity of discussing your foibles.'

With *us* indeed, this 'vulgar assumption of importance' on an occasion of dinner is rarely imagined, and would never be tolerated at all; but we have among us some men of genius, (Heaven save the mark!) to whom the flight of time seems never to be a matter of account. We remember having had our whole dinner spoiled (except the game, which providentially was not put down) by one of this class to whom the entertainment was given; and when at last, after being sent for, he made his appearance two hours beyond time, he remarked very blandly, 'I thought the hour upon your card was five o'clock.' The clock was striking SEVEN while he spoke!—yet it was impossible to look into his face and not forgive him. But the annoyance of the *guests* is not much less than this to the host, when, as is too frequently the case with us, they are kept waiting on their part an unreasonable time beyond the hour fixed for the repast. They have arrived in due season, have paid their compliments, and are ready for your soup; and Time wears leaden wings until they are seated and occupied with it. It is also at all times to be considered, that *Launch* is by no means in America a thing of course; and a man may easily, with the kindest intentions in the world, by mere want of punctuality in his establishment, disarrange the gastric juices of eight or ten of his best friends!!

'Nothing indicates a well-bred man more than a proper mode of eating his dinner. A man may pass muster by *dressing well*, and may sustain himself tolerably in conversation; but if he be not perfectly 'au fait,' *dinner* will betray him.' How true! How infallible has this criterion ever been! We were surprised at the following observation, coming from such a source: 'It is a matter of regret that table napkins are not considered indispensable in England; for with all our boasted refinement, they are far from being general. The comfort of napkins at dinner is too obvious to require comment, while the *expense* can hardly be urged as an objection. If there be not any napkins a man has no alternative but to use the table-cloth, unless (*as many do*) he prefer his pocket handkerchief—a usage sufficiently disagreeable.'

Shade of GRAMMONT! can it be, that at any table in England at which this true gentleman, this accomplished nobleman 'observed of all observers,' this cynosure, could be induced to sit, there can remain such a vestige of barbarism as this want implies, and this high authority establishes? No table napkin! No 'alternative but the table-cloth or the pocket handkerchief!' Good Heavens! can it be a possible thing, that these 'haughty Islanders' should rail at us upon both shores, come over the sea and compose their 'Notes on America' at tables where they have been invited as honored guests, and friends, and then go home to deliver their venom, and make market-money out of their coarse detraction of the domestic manners of their hosts, and spitting-boxes alike of their stomachs and their printing-presses; and this at a time when it is their practice to defile, with their soiled fingers, the drapery that covers a board that should be sacred in the eyes

of all Christian men, as it is in those of the Mussulman and the Moor! Oh England! England! and yet, Fatherland! Fatherland! — to think, that from thy prolific and exhaustless bosom, thou shouldst send forth, almost in the same season, to us, warmed into life and golden being, the gentle, the accessible, the illustrious MORPETH — whose visit hath left a trace of light along the path he trod upon our shores — and that the same Sun should, 'kissing carrion,' give motion from Thee to these maggots of a dead dog! that crawl their way across the same blue deep to mark us with their slime! But enough of this; at least we use napkins at our dinners throughout the Union, thank God!

Two other short extracts shall be made, in order to establish with our readers the author's right to the rank he holds in society:

'THERE is no better test of a man's claim to be considered '*a Gentleman*,' than a scrutiny of his conduct in money transactions. A man may possess rank and fashion, and, by an assumed frankness of character, deceive the multitude; but the moment his purse is invaded, if he be not of the true caste, he will display the most contemptible meanness; he will take advantage of the liberal; *evade*, by every miserable subterfuge, the claims of those he dares not oppress, and unblushingly *defy* those unfortunate persons whose poverty is likely to prevent the due assertion of their rights. Such a man may possess station in society — he may be an '*élégant*' — he may be a *prince*! — *but if he be not honest, he is not a gentleman.*'

'Gentility is neither in birth, manner, nor fashion — but in the MIND. A high sense of honor; a determination never to take a mean advantage of another; an adherence to truth; delicacy and politeness toward those with whom you may have dealings — are the essential and distinguishing characteristics of a GENTLEMAN.'

The work concludes with an admirable and elaborate analysis of the WALTZ; and it is with earnest pleasure that we recommend it as a whole to the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER.

SINCE preparing the preceding notice for the press, the following *Rules à la D'Orsay*, adapted to the meridian of New-York, have been handed to us under the highest fashionable sanction, to be appended to the future American editions of this interesting production. We leave to the publishers the charge of arranging them under the various heads to which they respectively belong.

'I. If your entertainer hand you his box, help yourself immediately to snuff with the fore-finger and thumb of the left hand; close the box at once and return it him with a demonstration of thankfulness for the compliment he has paid you. There is no need, if you should not be in the practice of regaling yourself in this way, to taste the snuff; you need raise the pinch only once to your olfactories, and may then let it fall. Neither affect the mastery of the box, by offering it to any one else; or by passing it round the table without an intimation from your host. Never breathe over it; nor, while you aspire to the character of a gentleman, *SMELL* from it and say, that 'you wish you could indulge yourself in this way.'

'II. Instruct your servants, that at all times before *the course* of GAME be served upon your dinner-table, every dish of Vegetables be removed from the apartment. There are among us, grave men and of honest extraction who are yet capable of eating cooked vegetables even with Game; and who, with sallad at hand, and a woodcock before them extended upon his proper toast, would yet, (if permitted to practice such an enormity,) ask the servant for a potatoe without a sense either of humiliation or of remorse!!

'III. Abjure all dinner-communion whatever with the host, who, for the second time, places you at his table upon a cushionless chair; the bottom of which is formed of those hexagons of misery made out of split rattan, and known in New-York by the appropriate title of Cain-bottoms, doubtless in honor of the first murderer of man: the most charita-

ble construction that can be placed upon such conduct being, that your entertainer compasses your death during the ensuing winter :

‘ You ’re there in double trust :  
First as his Friend ; his Entertainer, oft ;  
Strong both against the deed. And he, your Host ;  
Who should against the sharp Wind close the door,  
Not bare the knife himself ! ’

‘ IV. Never again send a card of invitation to the young person — gentleman we could never call him — however great ‘ his expectations ’ may be, who at your ball or evening party where ladies are your guests, has had the insolent temerity of lighting his cigar before leaving the house.

‘ V. Until you thoroughly understand, and can gracefully accomplish in perfect time, the varied steps of the Waltz, never venture upon the experiment, even of a *single tour*, with one of those precious beings, whose feet are formed to touch the earth only *par courtoisie* ; for — shall I tell you ? — the very hyena might have uttered cries of real grief, during more than one morning last winter, over the bruised and discolored spots — traces of the last night’s movement — upon a small, plump, eloquent foot, where the instep fades with a quick descent into the narrow and imperceptible plain, and the heel is lost at the moment an upright posture is assumed : and over which nature, until then, had gazed, entranced by the dimpling and ever-varying beauty of her Work !

‘ Practise yourself until perfect with some female professional Teacher, who can describe to you the effects of your *gaucherie*, and instruct you how to remedy it ; or if, as is the case with many a worthy young man well received in society, you be come of a numerous, clumsy family, go it often with some of your strong-armed maiden aunts, or good-natured sisters, who can honestly and vigorously kick you in return, and break you in by degrees ; and teach you feelingly what you are ; and what pain you may impose, and absolute lameness you may inflict, upon that irradiation of light and joy, which, (as no language *can* express the pleasure that she gives,) we call by the pain she sometimes causes ; and, in our tears, have named her *Wo-MAN* !

‘ VI. Do not entertain the thought, that as a young gentleman ‘ of large expectations ; ’ or from your being one of those ‘ admirable waltzers ; ’ or one of that class of favored persons whom for whatever cause, the ladies rank immediately next the music when they tell the *père de famille*, or the future manager, ‘ We must immediately engage So-and-so’s band, and here is a list of the indispensable *beaux* without whom our party will be a failure ’ — do not, although your name be first upon that list, imagine you have nothing more to do, than go to the ball ; enjoy yourself as much as you can ; leave a card during one of the three following days ; give a passing recognition in the street to the lady of the house ; and then cut the family like a watering-place acquaintance until they give a ball again, or new-year’s day come round to prove you ready for another night of pleasure. Leave such a course to the half-bred vulgarian. It is the part of the true gentleman on the contrary, after observing the other forms of etiquette toward a family whose hospitality he has chosen to accept, to take opportunities occasionally at the houses of their mutual acquaintance to renew his cheerful compliments to the lady, as he meets her undergoing the routine — alas ! how often the laborious, the devoted, the unsatisfactory routine — of attending night after night upon those in whom her maternal wishes are centered and at stake ! Do not believe, (if you require an incentive,) that this will be lost to you. It is among those amenities of life in which pleasure increases as the heart dispenses it. Your bosom’s lord shall ‘ sit more lightly on his throne ’ for this employment of his gracious faculties ; and — for there are many attentions that the sex love to see exercised toward each other — Eyes shall follow you approvingly, that may contain *the untold treasure of your future hope*.’

BANKRUPT STORIES. EDITED BY HARRY FRANCO. 'THE HAUNTED MERCHANT.' In one volume. pp. 381. New-York: JOHN ALLEN, 139 Nassau-street.

SOON after the work entitled 'Harry Franco' had made its appearance, we took the liberty to send it, together with several other late publications of the day, to our eminent contributor, Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, then at his charming 'Sunnyside Cottage' on the Hudson. In acknowledging his reception of the books, he took especial occasion to speak of 'Harry Franco' as a work replete with natural description and quiet humor; and on learning that the author was a regular correspondent of the KNICKERBOCKER, he added: 'Cherish him; he is a writer of excellent parts, and great promise.' 'The Haunted Merchant' was soon after commenced in these pages; and after gradually increasing in interest, until the interval of a month in its publication was deemed by many readers a very painful *hiatus*, it was suddenly suspended by the author, owing to overwhelming business avocations, which engaged his undivided attention. When, after many months, he was once more in the enjoyment of the necessary leisure to finish the work, it was not deemed advisable to resume it at so late a period in the KNICKERBOCKER, but to complete it in a volume, in which it should form the first of a series of 'Bankrupt Stories;' and this is the volume before us, more than two-thirds of which will be entirely new to our readers. We have once or twice referred to the work, while in the process of publication in numbers; but having re-perused it entire in its present form, we cannot resist the impulse to counsel our readers to secure the enjoyment of the same pleasure. Aside from the numerous 'palpable hits' at men, manners, and customs, in our commercial metropolis, there is in the story itself, in its incidents and characters, a pervading interest, which increases, not fitfully, but in regular and natural progression, to the dénouement. The curiosity of the reader, stimulated but not satisfied, continues unabated to the end; an opinion on which we pledge our critical judgment, and the correctness of which we desire our readers themselves to test in the only way in which it can be tested. Meanwhile, leaving the story untouched, we proceed to select a few of the 'palpable hits' to which we have adverted, which we shall arrange under indicative heads, after the manner of certain of our English contemporaries:

#### FASHIONABLE PHYSICIANS: SEALING-WAX.

'WITH his accustomed ingenuousness, Jeremiah proceeded directly to the house of Doctor Smoothcoat when he went in pursuit of a physician, for he knew that that personage was celebrated for his high charges, and he thought that no physician could have the conscience to value his services at a higher rate than the rest of the faculty unless he were conscious that they were worth more to the patient; and as there were many other simple-minded people beside Jeremiah, Doctor Smoothcoat had a good many rich patients who enabled him, by their contributions, to live in great magnificence, and occasionally to refresh himself by a visit to Europe, which brought him more patients than even his high charges, for an European reputation is a great help to one's progress in the New World.

'Jeremiah's heart sunk within him when he reached the doctor's house, and was informed that the great man was out on a professional visit; he waited a long time expecting him to return, and at last came away without seeing him, but left a note on his office-table requesting him to call at Mr. Tremlett's house. He sat by the old gentleman's bed-side until past midnight watching with great anxiety, but no physician came; and then, growing alarmed, he went again in search of Doctor Smoothcoat. This time he found the professional gentleman at home, but he was astonished to learn that he had been for more than an hour in bed and asleep. How could he sleep when a patient lay sick almost unto death, waiting for his assistance?

'But the Doctor said he had not received a call.

'Did you not get the note that I left for you?' asked Jeremiah.

'The note!' said the Doctor; 'I have received no communication from you.'

'But I left one upon your office-table,' said Jeremiah.

'Oh! ah! I do remember that I observed a bit of paper lying there directed to me, but I did not think that it could be of any moment,' said Doctor Smoothcoat; 'gentlemen having communications to make to me usually seal their letters with wax.'

'Wax!' exclaimed Jeremiah, with unusual warmth; 'wax! O, true; it should have been wax; and here it is sealed with a wafer; and it has not been opened! Well, well; I am very sorry. But, surely the life of a human being is of more consequence than a bit of wax!'

'The doctor thought otherwise. He had not been to Europe for nothing. Moreover, he was a conservative, and consequently a great stickler for forms. So wicked a departure from established

usages as sealing a note to a person of his consequence with a wafer, was not to be lightly passed by. He understood the full importance of wax.'

#### WRITING A LOVE-LETTER: COUNTERFEIT EMOTION.

'JOHN, after he had retired to his chamber, sat down and penned a few but expressive lines to Fidelia, in which he told her in simple language, without adornment or exaggeration, that he loved her, and that on his return he should call upon her to learn from her own lips whether or not she could love him in return. Never before had he expressed himself on paper so easily, so feelingly, and so much to his own satisfaction. After he had written his letter he read it over and over again; delighted at the true expression of his own feelings, and wondering at his success in a style of composition which he had then attempted for the first time. Those who feel can write feelingly; but counterfeit feelings on paper, like counterfeit laughter, or counterfeit tears, affect nobody, because feelings lie deeper than the eye or the ear, and like can only affect like; as the devil could not tempt St. Anthony, although he has tempted so many sham saints before and since his time; and the angel could find shelter with no man but Lot in all Sodom, because Lot alone of all its inhabitants partook of the angel's nature.'

#### A 'GOOD MAN,' AS THE WORLD GOES.

'MANY people looked upon Mr. BATES as a very excellent person, as indeed he was; for he had always paid his debts, a great thing assuredly in a community where a neglect to do so is looked upon as an odious offence, without any consideration of the debtor's misfortunes or ability; but then it must be remembered that nobody would have trusted Mr. Bates beyond his known ability to pay; he had robbed no man of his money, an unusual thing in those days, when even governments and independent states set examples of dishonesty; he had never cheated government out of a penny, although it is right to say that he had never been intrusted with any of the nation's funds; he had run away with no man's wife, which was a greater merit in him, since he would not have looked upon it as an unpardonable offence if any body had run away with his; he had never accepted office of a party and then proved traitorous to those who placed him in power; a rare virtue in him, since he saw so many examples around him, and heard them spoken of as good jokes rather than as black crimes.'

#### DEAD HONORS TO DEAD MEN.

'WHEN a rich man dies, everybody says: 'Is it possible!' as though it were quite an impossible thing for audacious DEATH to grapple with a man of wealth: when a lawyer dies, all the courts adjourn with complimentary speeches, and Justice sheathes her terrible left-handed sword and pockets her scales for a whole day; as though lawyers were so exceedingly rare that the loss of one deserved to be wept as a public calamity: and when a merchant dies, all the ships in the harbor hoist their flags half-mast, out of respect to his memory; as though the business of merchandising was one of such exceeding honor to humanity that the bare accident of being connected with it conferred such peculiar merit upon a man that his loss called for a public demonstration of grief. This last compliment was paid to Mr. Tuck; and while there was but one pair of eyes that wept a tear at his funeral, there were hundreds of yards of bunting, of all possible colors and combinations, drooping from the half-mast-heads of innumerable sea-going crafts at the wharves, and in the river, and bay, out of respect to his memory.'

#### A QUAKER DAMSEL AMONG THE WORLD'S-PEOPLE.

'HULDAH was by no means so strict a disciplinarian as her father, and she was guilty of some wide departures from the rules of her sect, which would have given the conscientious farmer much concern of mind if he had witnessed them. For instance, she had twice accompanied Jeremiah to a Presbyterian meeting; and once she had even entered the precincts of a public garden where there was much profane music elaborated by fiddles and cornets-a-piston; and she had looked with a manifest liking upon a gentleman and lady, decorated with a wicked profusion of spangles, and quite an unnecessary economy of clothing, who performed certain mysterious and highly figurative evolutions, the object of which she did not fully comprehend; but they were called in the bills a '*grand pas de deux*.'

#### SAGE ADVICE TOUCHING MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

'It is a matter of great mortification to me, my son, that in so important a transaction as marriage I am incompetent to give you any advice. But I hope that advice will not be needed by you and Julia: you will no doubt be happy in each other; yet there is one thing that an old gentleman used to tell me when I was of your age, which I think you will do well to bear in mind. 'Why don't you get married my boy?' he used to say to me: 'Because,' I would reply, 'I do n't know how to choose a wife, and I am afraid of getting a bad one.' 'Poo! poo!' he would say; 'any wife is good enough, if her mother do n't live with you, but the best wife will not be good enough if she should.'

#### LOVE-LETTERS.

'I NEVER liked the looks of letters from young people,' said the old man, drawing a long whiff at his pipe. 'I don't suppose that Mr. Tremlett would write anything out of the way to my grand-darter, but I never liked the looks of letters. They have a suspicious look. I am now rising my seventy-sixth year, and I never wrote a letter to a young woman in my life; never; and I do n't think I ever shall.'

We have but one remark to make, in concluding our notice of 'The Haunted Merchant.' It is printed with large types upon clear white paper; but the punctuation is 'most tolerable and not to be endured;' and there are other evidences of carelessness in the proof-reading, which we hope to find removed in the next edition.

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HISTORY OF EUROPE FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION IN 1789, TO THE RESTORATION OF THE BOURBONS IN 1815. By ARCHIBALD ALISON, F. R. S. E., Advocate. In four volumes, 8vo. pp. 2426. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS transcendent work is at length completed, and in four well-bound and well-printed volumes, may be obtained of the publishers at one tenth of the price charged for the English copy. It certainly is unnecessary for us to enlarge upon the many and various merits of this great work. They are every where, and by all classes of readers and critics, cordially conceded. Certain mistakes there were, indeed, in the chapters upon Great Britain and this country, to the commission of which the monarchical and aristocratical predilections of the author naturally led him; but when pointed out to him by Chancellor KENT, he had the candor to acknowledge them, and the justice to correct them, in the edition before us. Another great defect in the European edition has here been supplied. The original work was issued without any Index, so that any particular document or fact could with difficulty be discovered by the reader. The very copious Index which is now supplied, adds largely to the value of the work, and so facilitates the references which may be necessary, that every prominent occurrence and record amid all its multitudinous subjects can be traced throughout the history. A series of explanatory notes, tending materially to rectify the author's principal errors, and to enhance the value of the narrative, leave little to be desired in this monument of historical research, which will be as lasting as it is unrivalled.

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THE ROSE OF SHARON: A RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR, for 1844. Edited by Miss SARAH C. EDGARTON. pp. 304. Boston: A. TOMPKINS AND B. B. MUSSEY.

HERE is a modest but very pleasant annual, which contains, aside from its embellishments, matter which would far more than repay the small cost of its purchase. Of its engravings, however, we may say in passing, that the first is a charming view, exquisitely drawn and engraved, of 'Sabbath-Day Point' on Lake George; the third, a capital engraving of LIVERSEGE's 'Good Resolution;' the fourth, JEPHTHAH's Daughter; and the fifth a pleasant 'Scene on the Hudson.' The volume opens with an essay on 'Human Life,' from the pen of HORACE GREELEY; a paper which we should be glad to copy entire, but for the 'tyranny of space.' It is written in an easy, graceful style, and is replete with thought and feeling. 'Emma,' by Miss L. M. BARKER, deserves all the praise of the Editor, and will that of the public. The overflowings of a bereaved heart are visible in the almost *sobbing* 'Lines on the Death of an only Daughter;' and to the writer, as well as to others who have suffered the loss of near and dear friends, we commend 'The Happy Thought' which succeeds it, the conclusion of which will forcibly remind the reader of the close of Rev. Mr. DEWEY's unrivalled and inimitable discourse upon the 'Natural Dread of Death.' The Editor's portion of the volume is by no means the least of the attractions of 'The Rose;' and her fair collaborateurs have lightened her task by the excellence of their own contributions. With variety and excellence in its prose and verse; unexceptionable in all its inculcations; well printed and tastefully bound; we cannot choose but commend the volume to the favor of the public, in the holiday season which is approaching.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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VISITORS AT THE 'HOME DEPARTMENT.'—'I cannot make a speech myself,' said a wag, when suddenly called upon to address a political assemblage, 'but if any body else wants to speak, I'll hold his hat!' This was an obliging person; and we here ask leave in some sort to imitate his example. While we are making out the Index to the twenty-second volume of the KNICKERBOCKER, our readers will permit us to introduce to their acquaintance our thoughtful friend 'HANS VON SPIEGEL,' and our imaginative and mercurial correspondent 'JULIAN,' whose '*Top of New York*' in our last number, by the by, we placed to the credit of a new contributor to this Magazine, whose hand-writing greatly resembles his own. These gentlemen came too late to sit at the regular board; so an' please you, reader, make them welcome, as we do, to our round-table. We have 'taken their hats;' and while the one addresses you, upon a theme *seasonable* at this present, and fraught with reminiscences of golden days, and the other enlightens unwedded people on the subject of 'matrimonial gettings-up of a morning,' permit us to accomplish our ungrateful task of composing a 'curtailed abbreviation compressing all the particulars' of the various matters contained in the last six numbers of the KNICKERBOCKER. Ladies and gentlemen, 'HERR VON SPIEGEL,' in an 'Epistleized Reverie:'

'While I mused, the fire burned.'

'The gorgeous autumnal sun had just sunk behind the line of the Jersey shore as HANS, an hour since, turned homeward. He had it in his thoughts, dear EDITOR, to give thee a desultory train of reflections which the quiet loveliness of the scene suggested: the hills of Long Island stretching away to the eastward, with their wooded sides yet mantled with the many-colored foliage, that brightened in the evening glory of the sun; the radiant surface of the Narrows, dotted here and there with sails, their swelling bosoms spread to the land breeze; the white gulls returning in many a gyration to find their resting-places among the rocks on the beach; as they had done ages before; when the red man, who harmed them not, alone and happy, paddled his canoe around the head-lands which now are crowned with the tasteful dwellings of civilization; the gray sky bending over all, and arching in the landscape. He thought to discourse with thee of these; but now, seated before a coal-grate, all a-blaze and cheerful, he has changed his mind. Through the window-blinds of his chamber he can see the cold twinklings of the Northern Bear; and, if he would, the star that looks so brightly down on the Arctic Sea. There, now he *does* gaze upon it—sadly though, and tearful. Thou mayest not know *why* that star makes him sad. Again his eyes are turned away from his window, and his heart from sad thoughts. He pusheth the table a hair's breadth farther from the fire; presseth the cushion of a comfortable chair with a pair of curious slippers, in which his feet are encased; adjusteth himself at an easy angle; droppeth his head upon his breast, and wooeth the enchantress FANCY, lustrous-eyed and beautiful. . . . Hast thou never felt, gentle reader, while enjoying the first cold evening of the season, beside thy glowing hearth, a sudden influx of fresh life; a flow of quiet joyousness, as mysterious as pleasant; the melancholy gloominess with which thou beheldest the approach of



winter, all at once disappearing to trouble thee no more for a whole year?—the dread of snow-tempests, and keen winds, and hurrying, gray clouds, on the instant giving place to a longing love for merry sleigh-bells, jingling in the frosty air? Well! HANS *thought* he was not the only one who experienceth the like.

Give us thy hand, Old WINTER! Thou art welcome! Thou awakenest visions of other days, when HANS, in the simplicity of his childhood, believed that 'Thanksgiving' and 'Christmas,' some how or other, came into town in an old-fashioned double-seated sleigh, with racing gray horses and cracking whip, wielded by an invisible Jehu. How the idea got into his head, is more than he can tell. Exquisitely happy were those days of uncared-for childhood; when the winter school called scores of rosy-cheeked urchins, hallooing on the morning air, through the snow to the old red school-house in the village of HANS's nativity. The larger boys all with their sleds, on which sat their sisters, with the 'dinner-basket' in their laps; and their smaller brothers floundering through the drifts which they sought, contrary to the last injunctions of their mothers, along the fences. The huge box-stove roared a 'good morning' to them, as the boys stamped off the ice from their shoes, and the girls untied the strings which kept down their pantaloons. As there were no unlucky flies to enter and imprison in transparent quills, nor coke-berries wherewith to paint the sides of their noses farthest from the master's eye, the boys, perforce, studied their tasks; and the girls, as *girls* always are, were equally the objects of pedagogical favor. Was the day 'thaw,' the noon-time witnessed magic castles erected; and the numberless streaks of bare turf showed where the huge balls of snow of which they were constructed had been rolled into unwieldy masses; and the wet mittens under the stove in the afternoon amply compensated for the want of water in the iron basin on the top of it. Shouting when four o'clock released them, they hurried home, only to prepare for the evening's sport of 'riding down hill.' HANS would give worlds to be a boy again, and for one single moonlight evening slide down 'Furnace-hill,' as of yore! . . . When a few winters had passed over your boyish head, beloved reader, and you first knew that magnetic feeling which told you what gave the charm to rosy lips, and you *guessed* what kissing was, did you not feel all ecstasy while the bell-bedizened horses and the belle-enlivened sleigh scoured with half a score of you over hill and through dale; the thick hood of the maiden next you being excuse unquestionable for telling her pretty lips what her ear could not so well apprehend? You needn't be ashamed to confess it; for those were, let HANS tell you, the golden days of your life. Before the wide fire-place of thy father's kitchen, thou hast, days long gone by, arranged the pippins just outside the audirons, and placed the gallon-pitcher of good brisk October on the coals, and cracked hickory nuts. (yes, and the more *accessible* butternut,) for thy semi-circle of smiling, grown-up sisters and sweet blooming cousins, until the apples were roasted and the cider warmed. Then, when nine o'clock came, and thy spectacled and pious grandmother had read a chapter in the Holy Book, and thy father had knelt in prayer, didst thou not, as HANS does now, while thou laiddst thy head upon thy pillow, and heard the whistling wind shaking thy window, bless Old Winter for making you so happy? . . . Courteous reader, HANS, while he draweth up the bed-clothes, biddeth thee 'Good Night!'

It is not possible that the foregoing can be read by any one who has enjoyed the blessed privilege of passing his early years in the country, without 'kindling the flame of memory,' and placing before him, as in a backward-moving panorama, the hallowed associations of childhood and youth. Listen now to 'JULIAN.' He keeps a late appointment with a friend, with whom he is once more to look down upon 'the top of New-York.' He is certainly highly colloquial, and very familiar; but you'll find *thought* enough in him, expressed and suggestive, albeit at the first glance he may seem rambling and desultory:

'My dear Sir, how are you now? Hope you have n't been waiting. Possible? Been here all the morning under an umbrella! You must have breakfasted very badly. I should have been up sooner, but my wife — Ugh! how the wind blows! Won't you have part of my cloak? There goes your umbrella inside out. Ah, well; it's better than a collapse. This 'falling inward,' as the women call it, is frightful. This, then, is December. Chimney-tops piquetting, tiles on the wing, and clouds pouring out of the North, legion upon legion, as though all the winds of Heaven had been gathering them for the last month, and were now bound to the tropics with the momentum of the world's motion. The top of New-York, Sir, is very well of a warm day; but allow me to say that there is air below, now — plenty of it. Suppose we step down and look out of the window? . . . Well, Sir, how have you been? Down in the mouth again! Ah, Sir,

you have been looking at something too long. Never should do that. In a world that's whirling a thousand miles an hour, every thing should be taken at a glance. Get the wit of a thing, and have done with it. I give you five minutes every day to look at the stars, but don't particularize; for some in those far-off places send their light down long after they have been knocked out of existence, and you may be looking at a blank. Look out for such delusions, and *act*, remembering that the poetry of the hour, like the cream of your coffee, should be fresh every morning. Oh, Sir! in a world that never halts for a single moment in its everlasting round of changing amusement, your small agony is unpardonable. Why, the clouds and darkness are part of the play. Certainly — part of the play. Rain and snow, and chilling winds, pain, trouble, and torment — these are the variations for which you may thank God. If there were not plainer faces and worse figures, your little wife would soon be a fright to you — a perfect fright. Find your bubble and blow, but never stop to look at the colors. Let them burst; no matter for that, while your wind lasts. Blow away; there's nothing like it. If you are tired, like myself, and would like to look on, I can only say that the moralities of such speculation are hazardous; and if you have any wind left, it's better to die with a round cheek than a hollow one. A man without a bubble is flautent; and a woman without one — but that's impossible. Take my advice, Sir, and let the world wag. If it choose to run off the track, *let it*, and if any comet is amind to take us *en route* to the sun, why, blaze away! There are thousands of better dots in creation than this old concern; and whether we go up, down, or sideways — rocket, earthquake, or thirty-two pounder — we shall land somewhere; can't get lost. In short, Sir, you have no right to grumble, unless you are — But that's my secret. Shall I confess it? Mind, a *secret*; for if my wife should hear of it, she would tease me to death. Of course you will dine with me to-day; beg you would n't hint this in the remotest manner; not a whisper. . . . Sir, I am *nervous* — a solemn truth. Been examined by a double-combined microscope, and found to have two sets of nerves. I can see double, hear double, think double, and sleep double; and yet with such nerves, I have this very day been outwitted by a woman with only a common set. 'Nothing remarkable about that,' you say. Perhaps not; we shall see. . . . Speaking of nerves; now a day like this is endurable. People, you observe, are in earnest. There is what the new school would call a 'oneness' in the public mind to get out of the rain; and cloaks, handkerchiefs, umbrellas and skirts are used for the temporary shelter, because one can't stop to be nice. But of a warm day, when people can afford to dally and act their part, my nerves are troublesome, and I mount to the top of New-York. Did you ever look at a crowd of faces, when, under some dull lecture or sermon, the mind is comparatively at rest, and the character stands out upon the countenance? the smile, and all the other acted poetry of the face, gone for the moment, leaving only the impress of the slow march of years, the crows'-feet, the hieroglyphic, the line upon line of the devil's own hand-writing? If you could forget that you have looked at such things for a life-time; say for instance, you were a modest individual, just dropped from the moon, or any star that may be a part of Heaven; what would be your first impression? Why, Sir, you can't make your own dog look you in the face. There are different ways of viewing things, and in this light, one would be disposed to say that if the sun is the bad place that some people think, why, the farther planets may not, after all, be such outside barbarians as we generally imagine. There may be a reason, a very convenient reason, why we are not farther off.

'But, Sir, I was speaking of my wife. As you are a man of family, and I am only experimenting a little, *nervously* so to speak, return the compliment by giving me a little advice upon a matter of my own. How is it, Sir, about getting up first? We can't agree. She insists (my wife) that the man should rise first, as the sun before the moon, the useful before the ornamental, etc. Now, if I am gifted in any one thing, it is the half-hour dream after the first rouse in the morning; but my wife, Sir, in that particular is a perfect genius. Talk about sympathies! Let me tell you that people must not count upon married happiness from unanimous likenesses. The likes may be *too* like, and they may like *too well*. They may. I have decided that point. Well; this morning I was roused from the half-hour dream by the breakfast-call, and was provoked to find my wife still asleep; that is, she pretended to sleep; and I must confess that she had studied her attitude, so far as longitudinal position would admit, with no little skill. Having this important engagement with you, I gave her a little shake. 'Fanny! Fanny!' said I; but she did n't move a dimple. So I gave another shake. 'Eh?' said she; 'what's that? mercy! how you frightened me!' and then dropped away again. 'I say, *Fanny*,' accenting it a little. 'Ah, *don't*, dear, you are so rude!' She opened her eyes the merest trifle, and then lapsed away again into perfect oblivion as any one would suppose, who did n't know all about it. Putting on another emphasis, I sung out again, 'Are you going to get up?' She raised her eye-brows a trifle: 'Why,

my dear child, you know it's your turn this morning.' *My turn!* and 'my dear child!' I knew from the manner of her saying that, that she would lie there all day before getting up first; but as I was determined to give her a trial, and am always easy at a nap, I thought of my interrupted dream, and sliding gently into the continuation, was soon fast asleep. When I woke again, it was twelve o'clock, but there was Fanny, just as before, the arm perhaps a little more *à la Grecque*, and a tinge on her cheek that looked a little *saucy*; but that might be the thought of her dream; the fit of a cap, or a new bonnet, any of those innocent little things that make up the burden of women's night-thoughts in the way of dreams. Any one would have sworn it was sleep, deep and profound; a child asleep after a day's frolic would not have been more perfect in the 'doing' of it. By this time, people were beginning their morning visits; but of course, Mrs. Julian was 'not at home.' People came and went for an hour; and I was about despairing of my breakfast, when the sleeping wife sprang suddenly from the bed and ran out of the room.

'What now?' said I; but I did n't get up, for I knew there was some mischief a-foot; and sure enough, back she came in a jiffy, and got straight into bed, *munching a large piece of ginger-bread!*

'Now, Sir, what is the *law* in such a case?

JULIAN.

LIFE AND TIMES OF THE LATE WILLIAM ABBOTT: SECOND NOTICE.—This entertaining work, from the MS. of which we quoted several admirable passages in our last number, is now in the hands of the BROTHERS HARPER; and when it shall appear, it will be found to sustain, and more than sustain, the character we have given of it. We annex one or two additional extracts which were prepared for our November issue. In the following incident, we rather incline to the opinion, Mr. ABBOTT 'had the worst of it;' his evident self-satisfaction to the contrary notwithstanding:

'On my return to London from Paris, the farewell engagement of Mr. KEMBLE took place; and in the play of 'Cato,' Mr. YOUNG had relinquished the toga of 'Portius,' which fell most unworthily upon my shoulders. A rehearsal was called on my account; but all the adjuncts of trumpets, drums, etc., were not considered necessary. My usual exuberance of spirits would have placed me in a most awkward position, but for the extreme simplicity of the great tragedian. When CATO is seated in council, an announcement is made of ambassadors from the senate, through the medium of a flourish of trumpets. Without a moment's hesitation or thought, I gave an imitation of the required instrument, to the perfect astonishment of all the performers. They looked at me, to see if there was any appearance of sanity left in me. I hung my head in dismay, fully expecting a severe lecture from the chief; the actors of course enjoying the anticipated censure; but to the astonishment of all parties, Mr. KEMBLE looked up with evident surprise, and said: 'Well, I declare, that is one of the most extraordinary things I ever heard in the whole course of my life. My good boy, do it again.' I naturally felt that this was meant as a kindly reproof, and with some little hesitation, I repeated it. The actors now began to chuckle; but Mr. KEMBLE retained his gravity, and was again astonished by my performance. He then made an asthmatic attempt to do the same, but his wind would not fill the instrument; and with an effort amounting to 'Pooh! I can't do it!' he said: 'Well, now we will go on with our rehearsal.' It was quite evident, from his general manner, that he really did look upon it as an extraordinary effort. I triumphed, consequently, and had the laugh against those who were exulting in the prospect of congratulating me on the loss of a week's salary.'

The annexed anecdote of 'old MATHEWS' occurs in a description of the dinner given by JOHN KEMBLE, soon after his retirement from the stage, to some of the principal actors of Covent-Garden Theatre, at which TALMA was present, as already recorded:

'At this dinner but one feeling prevailed; and the only alloy was the thought that perhaps we looked upon our host for the last time; an anticipation soon too painfully realized.\* The inventive talents of MATHEWS were of the highest order; nor were they merely confined to the com-

\* Mr. KEMBLE retired soon after to Lausanne, where, after a short residence, he was seized with an apoplectic fit, which was soon followed by another and fatal attack. By the same malady fell also his friend and fervent admirer, Mr. ABBOTT.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

mon peculiarities of the individual in whom he took an interest, but he had the art of throwing his whole mind and spirit into the very *genius* of the man. I had lived on the most intimate terms with that fine-hearted and most eccentric creature; indeed, my acquaintance with him commenced at Bath, and very soon after I entered the profession: I was consequently inducted into all the peculiar bearings of his oddly-constructed mind. In the course of the evening, in the midst of the most social gayety, and flashes of wit that would have enlightened the dullest of mortals, I arose, and asked Mr. KEMBLE's permission to propose the health of a distinguished friend, which was immediately accorded. In a few brief remarks, I stated how gratifying it must be to the whole party, on such an occasion, to be honored with the presence of the late Master of the Rolls in Ireland, Mr. CURRAN. This was quite sufficient; for a great majority of persons at the table were aware of the wonderful powers of MATHEWS, although little prepared for so brilliant an exhibition of them. The extraordinary peculiarities of Mr. CURRAN were sufficiently characteristic, to give effect even to a common-place imitation; but MATHEWS was able to enter into the disposition and thoughts of his subject as effectually as if he had been changed into the very man. BURKE, speaking of the imitative powers of a person of his acquaintance, said, that whenever he thought proper to penetrate into the inclinations of those with whom he had to deal, he composed his face, his gestures, and his whole body, as nearly as possible into the exact similitude of the person whom he intended to examine, and then carefully observed what turn of mind he seemed to acquire by the change. Such a man was MATHEWS. He immediately arose, and made a brilliant oration. He scattered the flowers of poesy with the most lavish hand; not a metaphor did he lose, that could in the slightest degree illustrate the departure of KEMBLE from the stage; the brilliancy of the setting sun, the tears of MELPOMENE, the joys of THALIA at the prospect of her undivided reign, etc. There was no hesitation, no pause; and he concluded with a peroration which was perfectly electrifying; for he concentrated all his powers, and when he did this, he was irresistible. I scarcely ever witnessed so glowing a scene; and Mr. KEMBLE seemed lost in utter astonishment. It must be perfectly understood that no previous arrangement had taken place, and that my proposition was made at hazard, and without communicating with an individual.

Here is a very pleasant anecdote of Le MERCEIR, the distinguished author of the 'Tableaux de Paris,' a remarkable old man, whose daughter was the wife of KENNEY, the author of 'Raising the Wind,' 'The World,' etc.:

'On one occasion, he crossed over from Paris to London to visit his daughter, who a few months previous had given birth to a pair of fine boys. 'On arriving at the house in Bedford-Square, he found, to his great mortification, that she had left that day with her husband for Brompton, leaving behind the nurse and one of the twin-children, to join them on the following day. The old gentleman's distress was extreme, and greatly increased by his slight knowledge of English, and the almost utter impossibility of making himself understood. The servant, with the infant in her arms, came to his relief. She had fortunately been living there during the time of his previous visit. The old gentleman's agitation was intense; and the tears rolling down his time-worn cheeks, made the interview quite affecting. He clasped the unconscious child to his heart; and anxious to see the other, gave vent to his inquiries in the following words: '*Oh, mon petit! my dare!—ah! you littel rog!—where is—ah! yaas, where is—de oder piece belong to dis!*' At length with some difficulty he found his way to Brompton; and when he arrived at his daughter's lodgings, the family had retired to rest. After knocking for a long time, a head was thrust out at the window, demanding to know who was there. '*Opans, opans de doer! I am de fader of all!*' was the comprehensive reply, which of course procured him instant admittance.'

MR. GOULD'S ABRIDGMENT OF ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.—We have good reason to believe, both from our knowledge of the capacity and industry of Mr. GOULD, and an examination, at considerable extent, of the abridged work before us, that the main and important points of ALISON'S History are here preserved with great care and fidelity; and that as a work of accurate historical record, of *wonderful* cheapness, it will doubtless command the 'patronage' not only of many general readers, but more especially of colleges, academies, and other seminaries of learning, for which, as we may infer, it is deemed particularly appropriate. The editor claims, and we have no doubt justly, to have 'extracted every material *fact* from ALISON'S work, adding nothing of his own in the way of opinion, argument, or assertion, and endeavoring to present the

original narrative in the *spirit* of the author,' but *without* endeavoring to preserve his language, which a condensation so great rendered quite impossible. The work is presented upon good paper, with a large, clear type, and reflects no little credit upon the 'New-World' press of Mr. J. WINCHESTER.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—We have been profoundly impressed by reading in a late English periodical a dissertation on the nature, origin, and destination of the SOUL, written in 1793, by the Right Hon. WARREN HASTINGS. He commences with the argument that our attachment to this life is grounded on delusion, to the end that we may be compelled to fulfil our allotted course through it, and that it may serve as a preparative to a better state reserved for us in another. How forceful and philosophical are the following sentences: 'In health all the allurements of sense strongly attach the mind to that state of present existence which furnishes the means of their gratification, and quicken the relish of those enjoyments which are purely intellectual; while, on the other hand, an instinct, infinitely more powerful, imprints on the soul a fixed horror of its dissolution. Without these coöperative principles, man would give himself no care about his preservation or existence. They were, therefore, ordained by nature as necessary to both. When sickness or the infirmity of age has exhausted all the powers of life, and the dread of death has nothing left to excite it but the last pining pang, the illusion of instinct, no longer necessary, disappears, and leaves its place to be occupied by reason alone, encumbered, perhaps, and enfeebled by the bodily weight which oppresses it, but free from all desires or fears except those which it derives from its conceptions of futurity.' In relation to the necessity of immortality—if we would not derogate from the power and wisdom of the DEITY, or controvert our own experience of the laws by which he regulates all his works—the writer remarks: 'Can we for a moment believe that a Being of infinite perfection has made us for no other purpose than 'to fret our hour upon the stage' of mortality, and then vanish into nothing? that He has quickened us with sensations exquisitely susceptible of happiness and misery, to make the latter only our general portion? that He has endowed us with intellectual powers capable of extending their operations beyond the bounds of this narrow sphere which we inhabit, and of penetrating into the regions of infinite space, which we are destined never to see but in contemplation? and that He has stimulated us with desires of future bliss which we are never to enjoy?' No! He has made nothing in vain; He has made nothing without ends adequate to its means; and though all things may change, nothing perishes. Man was made susceptible of happiness that he might be happy; he was made capable of receiving but a small portion of happiness here, that its completion might be made up in another state; and he had given him the conception and hope of another and better state, that he might qualify himself for it, and that he might hereafter possess it.' This is felicitously and forcibly put, and will perhaps remind the reader of the fine lines of BOWRING:

'If all our hopes and all our fears  
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound,  
If travellers in this vale of tears,  
We saw no better world beyond;  
Oh! what could check the rising sigh?  
What earthly thing could pleasure give?  
Oh! who would venture then to die?  
Oh! who would venture then to live?

'Were life a dark and desert moor,  
Where mists and clouds eternal spread  
Their gloomy veil behind, before,  
And tempests thunder overhead:  
Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,  
And not a floweret smiles beneath,  
Who could exist in such a tomb?  
Who dwell in darkness and in death?'

Touching the future destination of the soul, Mr. HASTINGS observes:

'It must either remain in its unmixed and elementary state, or be united to some body, and endowed with new powers in participation with it. In either way, its existence is secured. But we may reasonably conclude that, as it was necessary in the order of Providence for its prior state to have been an incorporate one, its next will be of the same kind, however varying in the form, character, and quality which it may derive from those of its new associates. I do not mean by this supposition to reject the possibility of the soul existing independently of a bodily support. I believe such a state to be possible, and, if possible, certainly probable; but as our present is a mixed state, and as it is very unlikely that if our souls are destined to exist for ever, they began to exist in their present state, and yet more unlikely that they should have originated in a perfect and proceeded in an imperfect one, it will be most reasonable to suppose that a pure spiritual essence is to be that of our ultimate destination.'

We have remarked in one or two of our weekly and daily journals elaborate defences of Mr. FORREST, the distinguished American actor, against charges of ingratitude to early and devoted friendship, and of a lack of generosity in spirit, and of liberality in practice. We had almost said that these defences were wholly unnecessary. We have known Mr. FORREST for fifteen years,

and during that period have been intimate with those who have known him for twice that length of time; and we *know* that the very virtues in which he is now declared, in certain quarters, to be deficient, are the very attributes of his character for which his friends have the most ardent esteem. Where a man *lives down* such calumnies as we have cited, it really seems like superelevation to defend him from them. TRUTH is n't slipping on boots, while FALSEHOOD of this stamp is running away unscathed. . . . THE old adage that 'Habit is second nature' was well exemplified in a case cited by a friend of ours, of an old sea-captain living in a small town on the coast of the Bay State. He had followed the seas for forty years and upward, during which time he always shaved himself on ship-board, in storm or calm, without the aid of a looking-glass, or of any thing by which to steady himself. So accustomed had he become to this mode of shaving, that when he finally left the seas, he found it impossible to remove his beard without keeping himself in motion the while; and if he attempted to look in a glass, he invariably cut himself. His most usual method, while performing this operation, was to run about his room, and occasionally tumble over a chair, to preserve his equilibrium, as he said. Sometimes, however, when there was a storm without, and a heavy sea rolling, even this was too tame; and he then varied his exercise by trotting up and down stairs, and once in a while sliding down the ballusters! . . . THERE is *another* 'RICHMOND in the field!' Scarcely have we done chronicling the thousand-and-one attractions of the KNICKERBOCKER steamer, than we find 'our good name' and the portrait of old DEIDRICH arresting the eye over the Gothic entrance of the Masonic Temple in Broadway. Enter that imposing edifice, walk along the vaulted passages, and ascend to the great saloon. 'What a scene!' exclaims every visitor: '*six ten-pin alleys in Westminster Abbey!*' And this is the description, precisely. The majestical roof, with its mingling arches and rich and elaborate tracery, overhangs a hall profusely ornamented, and 'illustrated' with several fine paintings, and which contains six of the best ten-pin alleys in the world. Here the 'KNICKERBOCKER CLUB,' composed of 'O. F. M.,' (our first men,) and their non-resident guests, drop in ever and anon, to develop their chests and strengthen their lungs, in 'a bout' or two at the healthful game of bowling. There, too, do we occasionally 'expand and burgeon,' when we have over-wrought brain and hand; an example which persons of sedentary pursuits would do well now and then to imitate. Other apartments there are, for billiards, whist, and dominoes, (as well as for conversation, reading, refreshment, etc.,) which are in a kindred style of elegance and comfort; and attractive to those who, unlike ourselves, are not confined in their exercise to 'ball and pin.' The proprietor's care for the convenience and enjoyment of his guests is such as might be expected of a tasteful KNICKERBOCKER, from the classic region of Sleepy Hollow. By the by; he suggests a most important addition to the pictorial 'features' of the great saloon; namely, the Nine-pin Players whom RIP VAN WINKLE found bowling among the Kaatskill mountains one thundery afternoon. A capital suggestion, and worthy of heed. . . . WE are in the receipt, at too late an hour, we regret to say, for adequate notice, of '*An Address to the People of the United States in behalf of the American Copy-right Question,*' recently put forth by a committee of the 'American Copy-right Club.' We earnestly commend it to the attention of every American reader, who has a desire to enhance the prospects, and increase the value, of our native literature. The address, we are informed, proceeds from the pen of Mr. CORNELIUS MATHEWS; and we take great pleasure in stating that it is what we ventured in our last number to hope that it *would* be, clear, simple, and direct in its arguments; forcible, and with two or three exceptions, not *forced* in its illustrations; and occasionally touched with a quiet but not the less affective satire. We shall refer to this address, and present certain extracts which we have marked for insertion, in an ensuing number. . . . THE lines upon '*My Mother's Grave*' are from the heart; that we can easily perceive; but yet they are *not poetry*, we are unfeignedly sorry, for the young writer's sake, to be compelled to say. For the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth stanzas, pray read these few lines of SCHILLER. It is all embodied here:

'It is that faithful mother!  
Whom the dark Prince of Shadows leads benighted,  
From that dear arm where oft she hung delighted.  
Far from those blithe companions, born  
Of her, and blooming in their morn;  
On whom when couched, her heart above,  
So often looked the Mother-Love!

'Ah! rent the sweet Home's union-band,  
And never, never more to come!  
She dwells within the shadowy land,  
Who was the Mother of that Home!'



IN the course of a concert given lately by Mr. HENRY RUSSELL at Washington, (D. C.,) the following affecting incident occurred. The vocalist had just finished singing the little song of our friend 'the General' MORRIS, '*Woodman! spare that Tree!*' which was received with the customary applause; upon which Mr. RUSSELL arose, and begged permission to 'relate a remarkable circumstance connected with that song.' He had but just executed it, he said, at a concert given by him at Boulogne sur Mer, when a gentleman, in a state of alarming excitement, arose from the midst of the assembled multitude, and in a voice trembling with emotion, exclaimed: '*Was the tree spared?*' 'Never,' said Mr. RUSSELL, 'can I forget the glow which burst out all over that man's face, when I answered: '*Yes, it was!*'' If that 'inquiring mind' did not belong to a wicked wag, then the probability is, that we are rather mistaken than otherwise. . . . We have before us, in pamphlet-form, taken from the last number of the '*Southern Quarterly Review*,' a '*Sketch of the Character of the Hon. Hugh S. Legare*,' which we have perused with a satisfaction unmingled, save with a melancholy regret, that one so preëminently gifted as the subject of this article, should have been so early called away. The lamented deceased was a man 'affluent in learning, whether it regarded the useful or beautiful in life; delicate and exquisite in his tastes, elevated in character, and sensitive in his affections; true to his public trusts, and exemplary in his relative duties.' Our country may well lament his loss. The 'Sketch' is in the main well written: it irks us, however, to encounter in a description of Mr. LEGARE's dress the term '*pants*' instead of *pantaloons*. The word is a vulgarism almost as gross as the substitution of '*gents*' for gentlemen, after the manner of Mr. TITLIEBAT TITMOUSE; no model, certainly, for a grave reviewer. . . . OUR readers will doubtless recollect a marriage between a Mr. LONG and Miss LITTLE, which went the rounds of the papers some years ago, and to which some wag had appended the well-known lines:

'Man wants but little here below,  
But wants that *Little* LONG.

A few weeks since in B —, a Mr. JONATHAN GOODEAL was married to Miss HONORA LITTLE. After the ceremony, one of the company rose and uttered the following, which he considered a decided improvement on the original couplet:

'Man wants but little here below,  
But wants that *Little* a GOOD'EAL!'

A 'VERY anonymous' correspondent, who signs himself 'J. B.' (none of our KNICKERBOCKER 'J. B.'s, as we have with some trouble ascertained,) writes us the annexed notelet: 'In your 'Gossip' for December, why not, in relation to WEIR's picture, commemorate the courtship of MILES STANDISH and Mr. BRADFORD? BRADFORD's wife, as the picture-pamphlet tells us, fell overboard the day after the arrival, and Mrs. ROSE STANDISH deceased the same autumn. MILES (Query Latin?) it seems looked with complacency upon a Mrs. ALDEN, but being no hero on a carpet, desired his friend BRADFORD to act as his second, and carry his offer. BRADFORD complied, and pleaded warmly for his friend. The lady, however, listened to him with much impatience, and as soon as he had finished, said, very demurely: 'And now why do you not speak for yourself, Master BRADFORD?' And history informs us that Mr. BRADFORD *did* speak for himself, and ALDEN BRADFORDS still extant verify the chronicle. You would also do me a favor by anathematizing one FLAGG, who publishes VICTOR HUGO's plays, prefaces and all, under the name of FLAGG, without giving the great Romanticist any credit therefor.' Mr. FLAGG, who, if 'these be truths,' ought to be ashamed of his reputation, may consider himself 'anathematized.' . . . SOME afflicted gentleman, with whom we deeply sympathize, has lately shown up in one of the London magazines a specimen of the genus PUNDIT; one of those persons who, having acquired the reputation of a wit, lives in a constant agony of endeavor to keep up the character; who lends nothing of a rational kind to the general entertainment during a whole evening, but watchfully 'bides his time' for the infliction of his own especial annoyance. In the present instance, the 'pundit and stock-joker' was caught at dinner by his host, during a shower of 'original puns' which accompanied the various courses, in this wise:

'HAPPENING to possess some fine old Madeira in pints, a bottle of it was produced with an appropriate puff of its age. Taking up the bottle, Mr. PUNDIT remarked, 'that it might be old, but it was very little of its age.' FRANK was in raptures at the joke, and laughed till tears came to his eyes. On recovering himself, he was surprised to find that my countenance, instead of being spread out into an approving smile, was fixed in something not much short of a frown. I expressed my regret that Mr. PUNDIT's admirable *memory* should be so unprofitably employed, while he interposed an appeal in behalf of the originality of the joke; but I hoped he would forgive



me, if I proved to the contrary. 'Be good enough,' I told my son, 'to fetch me the fourth volume of Erasmus. It is,' I continued, turning to Mr. PUNDIT, 'the Leyden edition, and I shall have the pleasure of showing you *your* joke in a collection of ancient aphorisms, which was originally published several centuries ago.' FRANK having brought the book, I found the passage, which runs thus: 'Gnathena, when a very small bottle of wine was brought in, with the praise that it was very old, answered, *it is very little of its age.*' Mr. PUNDIT was confounded, and confessed to a glimmering remembrance of having seen the joke before. 'The wonder would have been,' I replied, 'had a gentleman of your erudition in witticisms not met with it, for it has, since Erasmus's time, found its way into nearly all the jest-books of various ages and countries. I must, however, give you credit for its apt application to my diminutive modicum of Madeira.'

The old gentleman subsequently adds, by way of salvo: 'I know you err from innocence; you little thought that all the puns you were making were current when I was studying for the bar thirty years ago, and originated, I doubt not, amidst the al-fresco festivities of the Saxon heptarchy.' A capital 'recipe' is given for silencing the series of 'dinner-puns' proper: 'Should the Pundit begin at meal-times, attack his first effort; request the company's attention, and rattle off the whole string. Thus forestalled, he will allow the meal to pass off pleasantly, and the conversation to flow on.' . . . SURELY 'C.,' if he has perused the 'Gossip' of our last number, will not think that it is from any lack of 'sympathy' with him, that we decline his '*Autumnal Thoughts.*' What *he* felt, looking upon the 'glorious decay of Nature' from her sublime mountain pinnacles — over a scene which 'lay bathed in the smoky light of an October day and an Alleghany valley' — we ourselves felt, perhaps at the same moment, in gazing upon the frost-painted heights along the Hudson, and the calm beauty of the Long-Island shores. We, too, 'saddened by the solemn monitions of fading loveliness, went back to the past, and to the dear friends in whose light we saw all that the heart *can* see, of vanished days;' and with an unutterable longing to know the mystery of life, and the greater mystery of death and the grave, have asked, with a poet too gifted to be so little known:

'WHERE are ye now! — though Fancy's flight  
To you my soul doth sometimes bear,  
Departed Time's eternal night  
Re-echoes back the question, 'Where!'  
Nature, in simple beauty drest,  
Still dances round the restless year,  
And gazing on her yellow vest,  
I sometimes think my change is near!

'Not that my hair with age is gray,  
Not that my heart hath yet grown cold,  
But that remembered friendships say,  
'Death loves not best the infant and old.'  
As many a bosom knows and feels,  
Left, in the dower of life, alone,  
And many an epitaph reveals  
On the cold monumental stone.'

But the lessons of autumn may partake of a sober gladness as well as of melancholy thoughts; and this is beautifully illustrated by a friend and correspondent, whose *nom de plume* in the 'New World' cannot divert attention from the characteristics of his style. He too has been looking at the 'glorious autumnal-forest display on the hills,' which were 'bedabbled like a painter's palette.' 'Ah!' he exclaims, 'the frost has done it! And now the outward life of the trees is killed. That beautiful spectacle is Death. Equally lovely does the soul appear when the frost has touched its outer covering. You see what a variety of colors has been produced by the same cause acting upon different natures, for the spiritual life in trees is as various as among men. So it is when our natures are touched by the chills of adversity, or death even; some of us, like the hemlock, will look sad and pale; some, like the wild cherry, will become red and fiery; and others, like those hardy cedars, the good and patient, will retain their primitive greenness and beauty.' . . . THERE is evidently a political or some other conspiracy hatching at this moment in the 'little people's' apartment adjoining our sanctum. Beside the good vrouw's, there are three other female heads together, and one of them belongs to a delegate from the High Priestess of Fashion; and through the two open doors, we can hear, in earnest but broken tones, such exciting words as these: 'White feather,' 'piece,' 'piping,' 'set in all round,' 'bias,' 'the skirt,' 'brought round to the front and fastened,' 'single bows,' 'busts,' 'bugles,' 'purple,' 'gore,' 'when it's made up,' etc. Now what can all this portend? Putting 'that and that together,' we are led to think that the ladies are about to follow certain sage advice from a *very* sage quarter, touching the 'rights of women!' These words are doubtless only 'parts of speeches to incite to action; fragments, very like, of what runs something in *this* connection: 'We have shown the 'white feather' long enough! Let us throw away our 'bias' for the gentler virtues, and 'set in all round' for Mr. JOHN NEAL's paradise of our down-trodden sex! We have been kept on 'the skirt' of society since the days of EVE; it is high time we were 'brought round to the front and fastened' there by public opinion! They think (the 'single beaux' as well as the married men) that we are only fit for 'piping' times of 'peace;' but we will let them know that we are not unfit for war; that we can stand by and see a shell 'bust' without winking; that we neither fear 'purple' nor any other 'gore;' and that the blast of an hundred 'bugles' would have no terrors for us. Our resolution, 'when it's made

up,' cannot be shaken!' But we *may* do the ladies (God bless them!) injustice. It has just occurred to us, that perhaps after all it may be only the Eleusinian mysteries of millinery and mantuamaking that we are seeking to penetrate. 'Like as not!' . . . WHAT a thoughtful, feeling, truthful poet JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL has become! Not erroneously did we predict, from one of his early poems in the KNICKERBOCKER, 'Threnodia on the Death of an Infant,' that 'to this complexion would he come at last.' Are not these stanzas from 'The Heritage,' one of Mr. LOWELL's latest efforts, every way admirable?

'THE rich man's son inherits lands,  
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,  
And he inherits soft, white hands,  
And tender flesh that fears the cold,  
Nor dares to wear a garment old:  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One would not care to hold in fee.

'The rich man's son inherits cares;  
The bank may break, the factory burn,  
Some breath may burst his bubble shares,  
And soft, white hands would hardly earn  
A living that would suit his turn;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One would not care to hold in fee.

'What does the poor man's son inherit?  
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,  
A hardy frame, a harder spirit;  
King of two hands, he does his part  
In every useful toil and art;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

'What does the poor man's son inherit?  
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,  
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,  
Content that from employment springs,  
A heart that in his labor sings;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

'What does the poor man's son inherit?  
A patience learned by being poor,  
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,  
A fellow-feeling that is sure  
To make the outcast bless his door:  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

'O, rich man's son, there is a toil  
That with all others level stands;  
Large charity doth never soil,  
But only whittens, soft, white hands;  
This is the best crop from thy lands:  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

'O, poor man's son, scorn not thy state,  
There is worse weariness than thine,  
In merely being rich and great:  
Work only makes the soul to shine,  
And makes rest fragrant and benign:  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

'Both heirs to some six feet of sod,  
Are equal in the earth at last;  
Both children of the same dear God;  
Prove title to your heirship past  
By record of a well-filled past:  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Well worth a life to hold in fee.'

'A TURKEY,' once remarked a huge feeder in our presence, 'is a very *inconvenient* bird, in p'int of comin' over a man's pocket, and satisfying his stomach. You see, it's too much for *one*, and not enough for *two*!' This is exactly our quandary in relation to the excellent story of our Mississippi correspondent. It makes 'too much for one, and not enough for two' numbers of the KNICKERBOCKER. Beside which, it has 'scene undividable, colloquy unlimited.' We may *try* hereafter to insert it entire, after the printer shall have 'taken its measure.' If we *do* print it, however, we shall take the liberty to erase such words as *e'er*, *ne'er*, *o'er*, etc., which have no business in prose. Ellipses like these are for poetry only, and not always felicitously employed, even in verse. 'Clang,' moreover, ('the one only hope to which his heart *clang*,') is a compound fracture of Old PRISCIAN's skull, which would lay his brain open to day-light, and us to an action for assault and battery. . . . MRS. KIRKLAND ('MARY CLAYERS,') the well-known author of 'A New Home,' 'Forest Life,' etc., has opened a school for young ladies in this city, at 214 Thompson-street, near Fourth. Familiar with the languages of Europe; thoroughly conversant with all the branches of an accomplished English education; of varied experience in society and real life; and possessing, with great kindness of heart and amenity of manner, a rare *instructive tact*; we cannot doubt that our fair correspondent will attract many pupils to her 'new home,' and that more will 'follow.' . . . OUR excellent friend, the historian of Tinnecum, has been passing a few pleasant days on the Hudson, and in the neighborhood of the city of that name; and from his gossiping epistle thence, we shall venture to select a characteristic Daguerreotype-passage, for the entertainment of our readers: 'THE high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and so are the rocks for the conies. Hills and goats, rocks and conies, are plenty with me, as you shall perceive. *Cras donaberis hædo*, if I can get him out to you. The Lancashire sheep, a long-fleeced breed, come and eat corn out of my hand. I kept my eye on the beautiful blue ranges of the Kaatskills as long as possible, and then delved into this lovely valley. Mountains shut it in on every side, and every night the sun lingers upon their summits, and crowns them with a diadem of fire. Yesterday the whole scene was white as Soracte. As I was going to the cider-mill to get a jug of the sweet juice, my guide stopped to show me the identical spot where a low-spirited man, oh! horrible!

cut his own throat. 'What did he do it for?' said I. 'Oh, he was low 'n spurruts, wery *cidery* and wery grunty. The devil was into him.' 'Bad business,' said I, 'this cutting of throats;' yet did you know that a hog always does it, when he swims across a stream, which is no doubt the derivation of *suicide*. The cider was delicious. The mill was in full operation, set in motion by an old blind horse. 'Look!' said my cicerone, with a mysterious whisper, as I was busy at the tub, at the same time directing my attention to the person who was attending at the mill; 'the son of the man who cut his throat!' I gazed in utter astonishment, and endeavored to obtain a 'realizing sense' of the fact. It was almost as good as 'the fork that belonged to the *case-knife* with which BEAUCHAMPE murdered Colonel SHARPE in Kentucky,' which proved such a rival attraction to a western museum-proprietor. 'This morning I went into the woods to gather chestnuts, which the hogs having got before devoured them all up. It was the same old story as on the frequented chestnut-grounds about Tinnecum. 'There! I found one! There! I found another! Two! three! four! five! six! Oh! oh! *aint* they plenty!' Then, alas! no more were to be had far or near. I piled them on a little hillock, and calling the attention of a neighboring Berkshire to the pile, had the gratification to see him address himself to their mastication, with evident *gott*. . . . Our correspondent who writes upon the '*Manifestation of Mind in Animals*,' and those interested in his able papers upon this theme, will find in the following a very forcible illustration of the correctness of his positions:

'A GENTLEMAN receiving a present of some Florence oil, the flasks were set in his cellar, at the bottom of a shallow box; the oil not being wanted for use, they remained there for some time; when the owner, going one day by chance in the cellar, was surprised to find the wicker-work by which the flasks were stopped, gnawed from the greater part of them, and upon examination the oil sunk about two inches or two and a half from the neck of each flask. It soon occurred to him that it must be the work of some kind of vermin; and being a man of speculative turn, he resolved to satisfy the curiosity raised in his mind. He accordingly found means to watch, and actually detected three rats in the very act; the neck of the flasks were long and narrow; it therefore required some contrivance; one of these stood upon the edge of the box, while another mounting his back, dipped his tail into the neck of the flask, and presented it to a third to lick; they then changed places; the rat which stood uppermost descended, and was accommodated in the same manner with the tail of his companion, till it was his turn to act the porter, and he took his station at the bottom. In this manner the three alternately relieved each other, and banqueted upon the oil till they had sucked it beyond the length of their tails.'

WOULD that our esteemed friend 'POLYGON' could really *know* how many times we have strenuously endeavored to gain leisure, from avocations more than usually various and constant, to return, in such poor sort as we might, the gratification we have always derived from his personal correspondence! It is in vain, we fear, that we hope to be able to redeem the past; for 'by-gones,' he must let us talk with him, as we have done, in this desultory 'Gossip' of ours; for the future, Providence permitting, we shall aim to escape even the *appearance* of indifference or neglect. Will 'J. N. B.,' of W—, New-Hampshire, also bear with us a little? We have his last mis-sive filed among our '*Notes Payable*;' for there were thoughts in it that touched us nearly. 'L. H. B.,' too, of B—, to whom we have been indebted for many favors, must not infer neglect or indifference from our compulsory silence. 'Say not the words, if you and me is to continual friends, for sech is not the case;' as quoth 'Mrs. GAMP.' We must hope, likewise, that 'W. G.,' of H—t Hill, (*how* of the removal, and *what* of the old homestead?) and our kind Tinnecum friend, will also look upon the above explanatory card as apologetical (if not satisfactory) for 'short-comings' of which, under other circumstances, they might with good reason complain. . . . If you are 'i' the vein, reader, suppose you follow us in a hop-skip-and-jump flitting through the pungent, pithy, punning paragraphs of PUNCH, the '*London CHARIVARI*;' late arrivals of which garnish our table. Among its 'complaints,' is one against the clock of St. Clement's church, which stands opposite its publication-office in the Strand: 'We are constantly troubled by parties coming into the office to inquire why all the four dials tell a different story, and why every one of them is always wrong. If the clock cannot keep going, let it turn off all its hands, wind up its affairs, and retire at once from public observation; but let it not continue to occupy a high and prominent position, if it is unable to fill it with credit to itself and profit to the community. We have put up with more from this clock than from any other public servant. We thought it might only want time to bring itself round; but finding it will not give us any hour, we will no longer give it any quarter. We expected a meeting of the hands the other day at twelve o'clock, but it did not occur, and things remain in the same uncertainty. We feel justified in calling on the clock for an account of its works; and, if no minutes have been kept, we shall leave the public to judge of the entire matter. Since writing the above, we have been told that it is the hour-hand which refuses to move in the affair, but that the minute-hand is quite ready to second any

thing reasonable.' Could any thing be more felicitous than this application of 'suspended payment' terms to the disarrangements of a public time-piece? PUNCH himself had just returned from a trip to Paris. He describes a diligence as 'a post-chaise fastened to a stage-coach before, and a slice of omnibus attached behind, with a worn-out cab mounted aloft;' which we are told is a perfect *portrait* of this lumbering conveyance. Here is a solution of one 'cause why' the French wear so much hair on their faces: 'The inferiority of French cutlery, especially razors, renders shaving an elaborate process, for which reason it is generally abandoned; and in common with the usual treatment of most things springing from a poor soil, they pay more attention to dressing their crops than cutting them. In fact, they consider all attraction to be capillary.' PUNCH was greatly interested in the 'Egyptian obstacle' in the Place de la Guerre, 'supposed to be CLEOPATRA's Needle, covered with hieroglyphics, of which the thread is altogether lost!' Among the domestic intelligence, is an account of the raising of fragments of the brig *Télémaque*, by means of a diving-bell. There were found 'a bit of the binnacle; half a yard of yard-arm; a quarter of the quarter-deck; a hen-roost and a portion of the hatch-way; a part of the cat-head, and an old mouse-trap.' In his brief notices to correspondents, the readers of the 'Charivari' are informed that the editor does not know 'who built BACON's *Novum Organum*,' nor whether the elephant at the Zoological Gardens has his name in brass-nails on his trunk or not! . . . In a late number of the Albany '*Northern Light*' monthly journal, there is a very able paper by WILLIS GAYLORD, Esq., based upon a paragraph in the report of the Geological Lectures of Dr. A. SMITH, of this city, from which we take the subjoined extract:

'It is a well-ascertained fact derived from a known law of centrifugal motion, that were the earth to revolve on its axis once in eighty minutes, as it now does in twenty-four hours, all bodies would lose their weight at the equator; if the revolution was made in a still shorter time, all bodies would fly off, like the drops of water from a rapidly revolving grind-stone. A universal deluge of all the temperate and polar regions would be the result of a stoppage or retardation of the earth's motion. Indeed, the first result would be the deluge of the whole; as the waters of the ocean would obey the impulse already communicated, and sweep over the entire earth from west to east; although it is easy to see that when this first impulse was over, the waters must flow to, and accumulate around the poles. If there *must* be a philosophical solution given of the existing evidences of a general deluge, can there be one more simple, or which better fulfils all the conditions of such a catastrophe, than the one here alluded to? All solutions must exist more or less on suppositions, and we have only to suppose the earth checked in its orbit from some cause, to produce all the observed phenomena of the deluge.'

Apropos of the '*Northern Light*;' it is a journal which we always open with avidity, and from which we seldom fail to derive instruction and pleasure. MR. STREET discharges his editorial function with ability, and his collaborateurs are men of mark in the scientific and literary world. . . . WHAT has 'ensured' to our esteemed friend and correspondent, the '*Georgia Lawyer*?' There has been 'good exclamation on his Worship' from various quarters of the Union, accompanied by inquiries after his health, and the state of his 'Port-folio.' QUERE: Has a Georgia lawyer a legal right to 'set himself up against the will of the people?' Has not the 'party of the second part' the power to set aside a literary *not. pros.* of that sort? 'By the mass! but we think we may stay him' from keeping all his pleasant thoughts to himself. . . . We are glad to learn that our young artist-friend, Mr. T. B. READ, formerly of Cincinnati, is meeting with deserved success in Boston, where he has set up his easel. His improvement is very marked. There is at this moment before us a little cabinet-gem of his, which really seems to light up our sanctum. It is the *portrait* of a young and lovely maiden, whose attention is suddenly arrested as she is about descending a stair:

'She is fresh and she is fair,  
Glossy is her golden hair;  
Like a blue spot in the sky  
Is her clear and loving eye.'

The situation, the drawing, the coloring, all are beautiful, and bespeak alike taste, skill, and genius, in the artist. . . . Of the *Oi Polloi*, we fear, is the author of '*Nature, a Tribute*.' He is a metropolitan, born and bred, we will wager a year's subscription to the '*OLD KNICK*;' a sort of *amateur* lover of the country, touching which he knows little, and we must infer, cares less. He regards it, we cannot help fancying, somewhat as old CHUZZLEWIT's cockney undertaker did, who greatly affected the 'sound of animated nature in the agricultural districts.' . . . THE '*Southern Literary Messenger*' appears monthly, with its accustomed neatness of execution, and quantity and variety of literary matter, much of which is of a sterling character. The new editor, B. B. MINOR, Esq., discharges his duties with spirit and ability. He appeals to the South for the

support which his Magazine well deserves, and should not fail to receive. The Charleston 'Magnolia,' which ran a short race for popularity with the 'Messenger,' has retired from the field; leaving it the only kindred candidate for Southern patronage, if we except the excellent Georgia 'Orion.' Mr. MINOR has 'a squint' at the 'enterprising editors in Philadelphia, who sell so many pictures every month; a branch of 'literary' business which has experienced a sad falling off; yet not sufficient, it would seem, to prevent new 'enterprises' of a similar kind. Mr. ISRAEL POST, long the agent in New-York for GRAHAM's and GODEY's Magazines, has issued, since the establishment of a new city agency for those periodicals, proposals for 'The Columbian Magazine,' a work after the Philadelphia models, in pictures and price; to be edited by JOHN INMAN, Esq.; a sufficient guaranty that at least one department of the work will be well sustained. Success to ye all, gentlemen and lady contemporaries! . . . 'Who suffers?' You know the DIDLERIAN term, reader; and here is an unintentional illustration of it: 'Poor woman!' said an apothecary, on returning from a patient to whom he had applied thirty leeches, at a quarter of a dollar each; 'poor woman! *did n't* she suffer!' It strikes us as rather possible that she *might* have 'suffered,' at least in one way. . . . We shall have two capital works from the American press in a few days. KENDALL, the 'great American Captive,' who came near being lost to liberty, the 'Picayune,' and 'troops of friends,' is nearly out with his volumes; and that they will be rich and racy, few are sufficiently verdant to doubt. (MARRYAT approves of KENDALL's writings, at all events; else why should he purloin them?) BRANTZ MAYER, Esq., also, whose letters in the 'New World' were so widely admired, has nearly ready for publication an elaborate work upon Mexico, profusely illustrated with engravings, and written in a very attractive style. It will create a decided sensation. . . . We cannot accept the excuse of 'M.' You *must* let us hear from you for the first or second number of our new volume. 'Arouse thee, mon!' Remember that 'to *will* is to do,' in more than a Mesmeric sense; and forget not, also, that 'sloth covers youthful ambition with the blue mould of morbidity.' . . . WILL our friends of 'The Cultivator' and 'Farmer's Museum' favor us with the prospectuses of both these excellent periodicals, when issued? We shall be glad to promote the circulation of publications of so great value, in many important ways, to the American farmer. . . . READ 'The Venus of Ille,' in preceding pages, translated by the friend who rendered into such attractive English the thrilling story of 'The Innocence of a Galley-Slave.' The present tale is scarcely less striking than its predecessor. What a sweeping convergence of natural incident there is toward the terrific dénouement!—and how admirably the minor accessories harmonize with the main design! Peruse it, and justify our enthusiastic admiration of the original, and this most faithful and spirited translation. . . . We instanced in our last 'Gossip' two or three amusing specimens of the lack of clearness of expression, arising from a species of unconscious inversion of language. Something akin to the examples cited, is a case mentioned by a London wag, who speaks of 'a *hen* belonging to a stone-mason that *lays bricks*!' . . . [F] 'If you love us,' good reader, and your other friends as well, tell them that our next issue begins a New Volume—the TWENTY-THIRD! Have we ever deceived you, in our promises for the future? (A unanimous 'No!' from all parts of the Union and the Canadas, with scattering echoes from sundry portions of Europe.) Then believe us when we tell you, that although we have every year appeared before you—like the tree 'bearing twelve manner of fruits, and yielding its fruit every month'—we have never been able to announce a better volume than the one whose advent you shall hail with acclamations in January next. Let every true friend of the 'Old Knick,' therefore make *one* friend as happy as himself, and his friend the Editor as happy as 'the pair of ye's!' . . . LET no one who wishes to select books, in any or every department of literature, fail to possess himself of WILEY AND PUTNAM's late catalogue of English, French, and American works, in the various departments of knowledge; science, natural history, useful and fine arts; history, biography, and general literature; Greek and Latin classics, philology, etc.; and theological and medical literature, with appendices, etc.; the whole classified in subjects, and with prices affixed. The catalogue is full, yet concise as clear; and will be sent *gratis* to any address. MESSRS. BARTLETT AND WELFORD, under the Astor-House, issued some time since, a similar catalogue, which proved of great convenience to the public, and was no doubt a source of ultimate profit to that well-known house. . . . THE following articles are either filed for insertion, or awaiting 'hopeful' advisement: 'A Night on the Prairie;' 'A Piscatory Eclogue,' by PETER VON GRIST; 'My Leg: a Sketch;' 'The Fratricide's Death,' by the 'American Opium-Eater;' 'The Death-Bed, a Stray Leaf from the Country Doctor;' 'The Painted Rock,' MARY MAY, the Newfoundland Indian; 'The Spirit-Land;' Lines by 'G. H. H.;' 'Scene in a Studio;' 'Translation from CATULLUS,' by 'G. W. B.;' with many other papers heretofore alluded to, and more to which we have neither leisure nor space to advert, or even to name.



## L I T E R A R Y   R E C O R D .

'WANDERINGS ON THE SEAS AND SHORES OF AFRICA.'—The first part of this serial work has at least the effective merit of making us earnestly desire its successor. The author, Dr. BACON, a brother as we learn of Rev. LEONARD BACON, New-Haven, Conn., has embodied in it his observations and adventures, during a residence of seven months at Monrovia, Liberia, of nine or ten months at Cape Palmas, two months at Sierra Leone, two months on the River Gambia, nearly two months on the Senegal, and numerous voyages along the coast of Senegambia and Guinea, from the Great Desert of Sahara to the Gold Coast; with visits to various missionary stations, slave factories, trading places, and native towns before undescribed. 'It presents a large mass of entirely new facts, of the most valuable and important character on the subjects of the slave-trade, colonization, Christian missions, African commerce, etc. It furnishes, also, the results of considerable experience and medical practice in the peculiar diseases of the coast, with various observations on the topography, geology, natural history, and ethnography of extensive regions hitherto scarcely known by name. These facts are given precisely in the order in which they came to the voyager's knowledge, in connection with a personal narrative replete with adventures of a remarkable kind, detailing wanderings, sufferings, and dangers among savage tribes, and extreme exposures to storms and shipwreck.' With the exception perhaps of 'Two Years before the Mast,' we remember no work which affords so vivid a description of the sea, and the astronomical wonders of the Southern heavens, as these 'Wanderings.' They possess great merit, and afford promise of various excellence in future numbers.

Since the foregoing was 'committed to types,' we have received a second number of the work; and find the promise of the first more than redeemed. We foresee that the plain-speaking of the writer bodes no good to the cause of Liberian colonization. He tells us only what he has *seen*, and what he *knows* to be true. Arrived at Monrovia, we find him at board with the black governor, whose 'lady' is his laundress, although belonging of course to the 'herry fust circles of good society.' We derive some curious facts from Dr. BACON, connected with colonization matters: for example; that in the main the colonists, from the highest to the lowest, are a hypocritical, ungrateful, and frequently dishonest people; that the books (the refuse, too often, of the libraries of those among us who claim to be 'benefactors' of Liberia) which are sent from America, are not read but are torn up, eaten by cockroaches, or otherwise destroyed; that our Bibles and Tracts are as useless to the ignorant natives as if they were in Hebrew; that fruitful as the country has been represented to be, the dependence for even the necessities of life is on foreign supplies, the flour and a large proportion of the meat being imported; the writer 'never saw fifty stalks of sugar-cane in the fields of the colonists,' nor could he obtain an ounce of 'Liberian coffee,' the stories which reach us concerning the Liberian 'coffee plantations' being wholly humbugous, and intended only for effect here. Among the writer's colonial patients, was 'a daughter of THOMAS JEFFERSON, who had with her a niece, the grand-daughter of the great American President and apostle of democracy, who bore a most striking resemblance to his common portraits!' This is not pleasant to think of. The American opinion of 'the venerated ASHmun' it appears greatly needs revision. He is proved to have been 'an unworthy man and a deceiver;' so much so, indeed, that the writer freely expresses his 'contempt and abhorrence of his character,' which were so great as to cause the Doctor, on his return to America, to cause the *name*, which had been placed in a stereotype work, 'at the end of such a catalogue of saints as 'BRAINARD, MILLS, MARTYN, PARSONS, FISKE, MILNE,' to be beaten into the solid metal page, that it might no longer disgrace its association! These facts may be unpalatable to the American Colonization Society, but that they *are* facts, there can be little doubt; since they proceed from the mouth of the Society's accredited agent, under whose auspices he repaired to and resided at Liberia.

MR. LUNT'S POEM ON CULTURE. — A neatly-printed little volume, in dress of modest drab, lies before us, containing 'Culture; a poem delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library Association,' in October last, by GEORGE LUNT, Esq., an honorary member of the institution. The first glance made us reluctant at encountering in the outset the writer's formidable-looking preface. 'If this,' thought we, 'be what the Italians term *la salsa del libro*, 'the sauce of the book,' there is much more of the condiment than of the meat.' We were gratified to find however in this mere 'preface' an able essay upon a theme which has more than once been discussed in these pages;

namely, the *true* philosophy of poetry, and its influence, actual and collateral, upon society, in contradistinction to utilitarianism, and those principles of expediency, which 'repudiate' imagination, and vitiate our perception of truth. The poem itself abounds in good thoughts, vented with much music of expression; all which we could abundantly prove, had we space for extracts. As it is, we must ask such of our readers as may have at command the volume before us, to turn to the twenty-fourth page of the poem, and admire with us the illustration of 'Mind,' in more senses than one, which may there be found; and when they have exhausted that admirable passage, let them turn to another, which we had also marked for insertion, commencing on the thirty-fourth and ending on the thirty-sixth page. Next to presenting good things, perhaps some kind reader may admit, is the pointing them out. 'And here, may it please the court, we rest.'

'THE OPAL: A PURE GIFT FOR THE HOLYDAYS.'—This is an exceedingly pretty moral and religious annual, edited by N. P. WILLIS, illustrated by J. G. CHAPMAN, and published by JOHN C. RIKER, Number Fifteen ANN-street. The illustrations, nine in number, are mainly in the light and pleasing style of etching, which Mr. CHAPMAN has rendered so popular, and in subject alternate with Scripture scenes and fancy-sketches of a domestic or religious character. The literary articles are from the pens of well-known American writers, including, beside the Editor's, those of WILDE, HERBERT, ALDRICH, BENJAMIN, HOFFMAN, CHEEVER, ROBERT MORRIS, PALMER, TUCKERMAN, MRS. EMBURY, MRS. SEBA SMITH, W. H. BURLEIGH, etc. We commend the work cordially to our readers, regretting that we can find no space for extracts, at the late hour at which the volume reaches us; save only the following explanatory passage from the preface: 'Religious books, devoted solely to the inculcation of the precepts of piety, are all-important as one branch of instruction and reading. But God, who made all things for his creatures, and gave them taste, fancy, and a sense exquisitely alive to the beautiful, intended no ascetic privation of the innocent objects which minister to these faculties. The mirth, and the playful elegances of poetry and descriptive writing are as truly within the paths of religious reading as any thing else which shows the fullness and variety of the provision made for our happiness, when at peace with ourselves. Nothing gay, if innocent, is out of place in an annual intended to be used as a tribute of affection by the good.' The work is 'opal-hued, reflecting all the bright lights and colors which the prodigality of God's open hand has poured upon the pathway of life.'

'JEANIE MORRISON.'—This beautiful and touching ballad of the gentle MOTHERWELL has been set to music by 'DEMPSTER, the true-blue Scot,' as BURNS called his namesake, and dedicated to his friend JAMES T. FIELDS, Esq., Boston. The music, as we gather from capable judges, is in good keeping with the feeling and sweet simplicity of the verse; and surely higher praise need not be awarded to it. The poem itself would have done honor to BURNS, and a nearer approach to his style we scarcely remember ever to have seen. How fervent, how natural, this retrospect of a first, fresh boyish love:

'My head runs round and round about,  
My heart flows like a sea,  
As one by one the thoughts rush back  
O' spring-time and o' thee.  
O morning life! O morning love!  
Nothing gay, if innocent,  
O lightsome days and lang,  
When bonnier hopes around our hearts  
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

O, mind ye, love, how oft we left  
The deavin, 'dinsome town,  
To wander by the green burnside,  
And hear its waters croon?  
The simmer leaves bung o'er our heads,  
The flowers burst round our feet,  
And in the gloamin' o' the wood  
The throatie whistled sweet.'

The publisher of 'JEANIE MORRISON' is Mr. OLIVER DITSON, Boston; but we infer that it is also for sale at the principal music-stores in this city.

POEMS BY BARRY CORNWALL.—Messrs. WILLIAM D. TICKNOR AND COMPANY, Boston, have just given to the public a neatly-executed volume, containing 'English Songs and other Poems,' by BARRY CORNWALL. It will be an acceptable offering to American readers. PROCTER is a very charming, *heart-full* writer. To adopt the language of another, there is an intense and passionate beauty, a depth of affection, in his little dramatic poems, which appear even in the affectionate triflings of his gentle characters. 'He illustrates that holiest of human emotions, which, while it will twine itself with the frailest twig, or dally with the most evanescent shadow of creation, wasting its excess of kindliness on all around it, is yet able to 'look on tempests and be never shaken.' Love is gently omnipotent in his poems; accident and death itself are but passing clouds, which scarcely vex and which cannot harm it. The lover seems to breathe out his life in the arms of his mistress, as calmly as the infant sinks into its softest slumber. The fair blossoms of his genius, though light and trembling at the breeze, spring from a wide, and deep, and robust stock, which will sustain far taller branches without being exhausted.'



'THE WRONGS OF WOMAN.'—'The forsaken Home' is the sub-title of the second part of this series by CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH, whose English fame is not greater than her reputation in America. Here now is a picture of domestic struggles and privations; of female suffering and sorrow; of a deserted home and hopeless, ill-requited toil; which bears incontestable evidence of being but too faithful to its original; and it is so affecting, we may add *revolving*, that we marvel somewhat that those doughty philanthropists who manifest so much sympathy for the 'neglected and the down-trodden' on this side the Atlantic do not lessen the radius of their humane telescopes, and 'take a short look about home' for objects of commiseration and charity. That our readers may see how much this is needed, we commend them to a perusal of the volume before us, which may be found at M. W. DODD'S book-store, Brick-church Chapel.

THE 'MYSTERIES OF PARIS.'—We little thought, when we presented the first English translation of a scene from this remarkable work, that in less than two months it would be borne on the wings of rival American presses into every nook and corner of this vast republic. But so it is. The MS. of Mr. CHARLES H. TOWN, from which we quoted, was seized with such avidity by the Brothers HARPER that the translator was left without leisure to smooth over and soften the too literal features of his work, having quite enough to do to finish it in time for the printers. The 'NEW-WORLD' edition, translated by Mr. DEMMINÉ, now near its completion, is executed with fidelity and good taste, is well printed, and has been favorably received at the hands of the public. The rival editions will each be entirely exhausted by the current demand; and in view of their cheapness, few will be disposed to invoke 'a plague on both the houses' whence they proceed.

ELEMENTS OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY: SILK CULTURE.—Messrs. GREELY AND M'ELRATH have published, in a cheap but substantial form, for the use of schools and academies, the *tenth edition* of GALE'S 'Elements of Natural Philosophy.' The general plan of BLAIR'S work is preserved in the volume, which embraces the principles of mechanics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, acoustics, optics, electricity, galvanism, magnetism, and astronomy, and is illustrated by several hundred wood-engravings. The same publishers have put forth an illustrated pamphlet upon the culture of silk, with historical sketches of the silk business, in Europe and the United States; the natural history of the silk-worm, mulberry-tree, etc.; a useful work, and one which supplies an important desideratum to silk-growers.

NEW PUBLICATIONS OF THE BROTHERS HARPER.—'Woman an Enigma, or Life and its Revelations,' a new production of the author of 'Conquest and Self-Conquest,' is much affected of the ladies; to which fact we are indebted for our inability to speak more at large of its merits. 'The Banker's Wife, or 'Court and City,' a novel by Mrs. GORE, is also warmly commended by the public press, but we have not found a moment's leisure to devote to its perusal. In the way of *Anti-Puseyism*, we have 'The True Churchman Warned against the Errors of the Time,' with notes by Dr. ANTHON, and 'The True Issue Sustained, or an Exhibit of the Views and Spirit of the Episcopal Press in relation to the recent Ordination of Mr. CARY.' All these publications are characterized by the usual neatness of works from the HARPERS' press.

'NATURE AND REVELATION.'—The object of this work is to show the present condition of the churches, and the change now to come upon the world, by the Second Advent, in Spirit, of the MESSIAH, with interpretations of the Prophecies in Daniel and the Book of Revelation. The different states of the church, under the Apostolic, Roman, Vandal, Reformed, and present eras, are considered, as well as the new order and era of things which is now to succeed, in which the old churches and nations are to pass away, under the influence of the true gospel. The volume is from the pen of H. N. VAN AMRINGE, author of 'The Seals Opened, or a Voice to the Jews,' and is published by R. P. BIXBY AND COMPANY, Park-Row.

PUBLICATIONS OF MESSRS. BURGESS AND STRINGER.—These gentlemen are doing good service to the public in the series of useful little books which they are placing before their countrymen. We find on our table neat yet cheap editions of Mrs. ELLIS'S 'House-Keeping Made Easy,' adapted to our own meridian by an American Lady; a book on 'Knitting, Netting, and Crotchet Work,' revised and enlarged; ABERNETHY'S 'Family Physician, or Ready Prescriber,' an excellent little volume; and a 'Lecture on the Oregon Territory,' by PETER A. BROWNE, LL. D., of Philadelphia.